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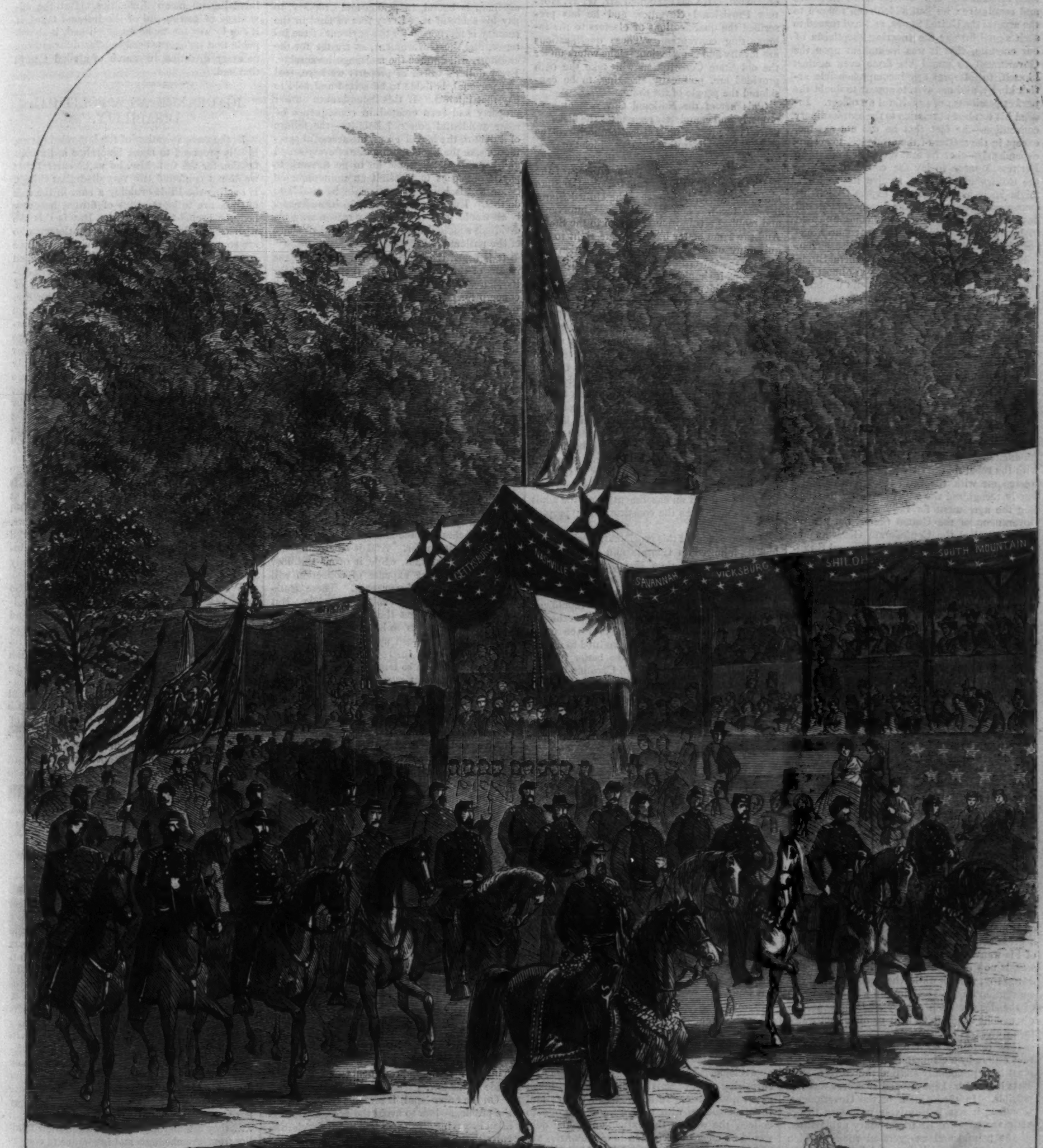
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THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHI[illegible]ON.—GENERAL MEADE AND STAFF PASSING THE PRINCIPAL STAND, MAY 23, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 10, 1865.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND GENERAL SHERMAN.

With the exception of President Lincoln and General Grant, no men in the country have done more for the suppression of the rebellion than Mr. Stanton and General Sherman, and every good citizen sees with regret that efforts are made to aggravate a misunderstanding between them into a serious difference. We are very sure that a little calm reflection will show each of those gentlemen and their friends that both of them have some reason for annoyance, but that neither has any cause for bitter hostility toward the other.

General Sherman's military services were so illustrious and important; he had directed with such consummate skill operations so extensive and conclusive; he had added such renown to the arms of the United States, and had turned to such signal dismay the sneering skepticism of our enemies, that it was incumbent upon the Government to guard his fame even against himself, to interpret any incomprehensible action kindly, and not even to appear to doubt the perfect patriotism of so faithful an officer. Indeed his conduct in relation to the extraordinary convention—the fact that he did not assume, except in the matter of the armistice, to act independently—that he sent a confidential aid to Fortress Monroe to lay the convention before the Government and to receive its decision, might justly have led him to expect that if his course were disapproved, the disapproval would have been quietly and instantly communicated to him and not published to the country, exposing him to injurious criticism and suspicion.

So much may fairly be said for General Sherman; and in ordinary times, and at almost any other moment of the war, such would doubtless have been the course of the Government.

But, on the other hand, was it surprising, ought it to astonish General Sherman when he reviews all the circumstances, that the Cabinet should have been confounded at receiving the news of so inexplicable an act at so critical a moment? The body of the late President still lay unburied. The country was quivering with wrath at his murder, and at the final proof it furnished of the ghastly spirit of the rebellion. Doubt, suspicion, dismay, were aroused upon every side; and in the very crisis of the painful excitement came the tidings of a convention with the rebel military chief then in immediate intercourse with the rebel leaders, which distinctly recognized the rebel authority by referring the agreement for ratification, not to the Government of the United States, but also to the men called the Confederate Government; while in his address to his army General Sherman spoke of the convention as made not only with General Johnston, but with other "high officials"—meaning, of course, civil authorities of some kind. His convention also established an armistice, and this after the short, final campaign before Petersburg, in which Sherman's superior officer had refused any delay to Johnston's superior, and had in fact been fighting him while he corresponded. The armistice was also in direct opposition to the unvarying policy of President Lincoln's administration, never to acknowledge the rebels as lawful belligerents whatever action the necessity of any particular case, such as the exchange of prisoners, might impose; so that when the President himself went to Hampton Roads to meet the rebel agents seeking peace, he expressly told General Grant not to suspend his military operations for an hour. The terms of the convention, also, were inexplicable after the fall of Richmond and the rout and surrender of Lee.

The convention, moreover, was made by General Sherman, and it is undeniable that, from all he had written during his magnificent campaign, it was evident that, with all his military genius and success, he had not fully comprehended the scope of the war as it was understood by the Government and the people. He had treated it merely as a military question, while it was a great deal more. How just this impression of his want of sympathy with the real struggle was, is now apparent from his letter to General Johnston, written while the decision upon the convention was still pending, in which he speaks of the debates upon slavery as "the senseless discussions which have kept us all in hot water for fifty years!"

Now certainly such a convention made at such a time by a commander holding such views must have profoundly startled the Government. That it could be kept altogether secret was impossible. In the opinion of the Government, therefore, it was imperatively necessary to obviate the effect of its fragmentary publication, of the painful and exaggerated rumors which were sure to attend it, by officially announcing it, and accompanying the announcement with an emphatic repudiation of the act, and a final assurance of harmony and tranquillity by the departure of the Lieutenant-General to the head-quarters of General Sherman.

That the action of the Government was altogether discreet we do not say. But if the General complains of it, ought he not to ask himself whether his own part in the transaction was judicious? Ought he not to understand that while the country will forever proudly cherish his great services, it does not count his convention with Johnston among them; and that if Mr. Stanton expressed the national surprise and disapproval in an unfortunate manner, that surprise and disapprobation were very deeply and universally felt. That a difference so readily comprehended, and which involves neither the ability nor the patriotism of the Secretary or the General, should degenerate into a personal quarrel by the action of either, is something so gravely to be deplored that we shall refuse to believe it possible.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN.

President Johnson has issued his proclamation defining the terms upon which the Government of the State of North Carolina is to be reorganized. He has appointed Mr. W. W. Holden Provisional Governor, and he has prescribed the qualifications of electors to the reorganizing convention. Those qualifications are loyalty and complexion. The voters under the old State Constitution who take the oath provided are, politically speaking, to be considered the people of the State.

This act of the National Government very properly and completely recognizes the fact that there is at present no political authority in the State of North Carolina but that which the Government by prescribing qualifications chooses to acknowledge. The loyal white citizens of the State are admitted to vote not because the State authorizes them, but because the United States permits them. The United States intervenes and requires a condition unknown to the State. And the same power had the same right to require any other condition. The question was how far the Government should intervene, what conditions it should demand.

The President evidently wishes to act in the spirit of our system, which has allowed States to settle the question of suffrage. It is perfectly true that the Constitution of the United States suffers the people of the various States to determine who shall be voters? But it seems to us that the President hardly remembers that he is now deciding the vital point, namely, who are to be considered the people of the State? He expressly excepts some who are so considered by the late State Constitution. He has the same right to include others. And he would certainly not have violated the spirit of the National or the late State Constitution, if he had remembered that the whole number of freemen was the true basis of representation, and had therefore ordered an enrollment of all the adult male population as the constitutional "people" of the State.

The precedent of this proclamation will doubtless be followed in Georgia and other States. The question will then reappear in Congress when the representatives and senators elected by a State so reorganized shall claim their seats. Whether Congress will recognize as republican in the sense of the Constitution a government founded upon a small minority of the adult male population, we may be permitted to doubt. We confess that we should be better pleased with the plan by which North Carolina is to be reorganized, if it did not receive such unqualified commendation from those who have most savagely denounced President Johnson, and who have had a very ill-disguised sympathy with the insurrection of State Sovereignty against the Union.

SHALL WE PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT?

A good many people have been reminded during the past week of Hogarth's penniless spendthrift dragged to jail with "A Plan for paying off the National Debt" sticking out of his pocket. For it has not only been gravely proposed by some of our journals that our rich men club together to the number of 150,000 or thereabouts, and contribute $20,000 each to extinguish our national debt, but a score or more of the rich men aforesaid have actually promised in writing to perform their share of the undertaking provided only that the other 149,980 or thereabouts do theirs likewise. A couple of million of dollars have already been secured, leaving only the trifle of $2,998,000,000 still to be subscribed. That this amount will be still further reduced is clear; for a subscription obtains a first-rate notice in the newspapers—no slight advantage, now that trade is reviving—and involves no appreciable pecuniary risk. It would not be surprising if, by active canvassing, as much as $10,000,000 were secured—on paper; and then, of course, with only $2,990,000,000 to collect, the way to the extinction of the debt would be clear. Rich men in all countries are so prone to pay other people's debts, and our rich men so given to invest their means on sentimental principles, that the success of the scheme is assumed to be beyond question. When it succeeds we shall owe at least a statue to the brilliant genius who suggested it, and to the appreciative journals which fostered it to maturity.

If, however, it should chance to fail—and, it must be remembered, most deserving and plausible enterprises will fail sometimes—it may leave behind it a residuum not unworthy of serious thought.

Twice before in the history of this country a national debt was forced upon us by war. Each time it was paid off. In each case peace led to retrenched expenditure, increased revenue, and consequently gradual reduction and at last comparative extinction of indebtedness. For the third time war has bequeathed us a debt—this time much vaster than any previously incurred or dreamed of. The question arises, shall we follow American precedent, and go to work to pay off this debt as we paid off the debts of the Revolution and of 1812–'14; or shall we follow the European precedent, and content ourselves with paying the interest regularly, leaving the principal practically irredeemable?

There is no sounder maxim in political economy than this, that a man can not invest his money better than in paying his debts. Now the national debt is the debt of all of us. Every man is bound, in person and property, to pay his share of it. Every foot of land in the country is mortgaged for the payment of the interest, and the Government, as trustee for the creditors, will enforce the mortgage inexorably. Every dollar's worth of property we have, real and personal, is liable to be seized and sold to pay that interest. If this incumbrance on our property had been created in consequence of some accidental personal liability—the failure of a debtor, the loss of crops, unsuccessful speculations, or the like—the impulse of every sound and careful person would be to go to work to pay it off, so as to transmit an unincumbered estate to his heirs. Many might be unable to do this. But all would like to do it, and nearly all would try. Is there any reason why individuals should deal differently with their share of the national debt?

It is urged that posterity will benefit by the results of the war, and ought therefore to bear its share of the cost. We don't affect much concern for posterity, and think it may be left to look out for itself. The question is, whether it is better for this generation to go on paying taxes at the rate of two or three hundred millions a year, or to make an effort and, by a present sacrifice, get rid of them altogether.

The late Mr. Cobden, one of the best friends this country ever had, described our Congressional financiers as Bourbons who had learned nothing from experience. And certainly the Internal Revenue law is worthy of legislators who had never heard of such a thing as a system of taxation. It seems to combine every possible defect. It is not productive: last fiscal year it only yielded $102,000,000, and we doubt, after all that has been said, whether it will yield $200,000,000 net this year. It is monstrously oppressive upon some localities and some branches of trade and industry, while others escape altogether. And it is so cumbrous and complicated that, while it opens the door to vast frauds, the expense of collection will probably exceed 12½ per cent. These statements will of course be denied by officials. But let us wait till we get the returns. It will be urged that the law is to be amended, and that a commission has been appointed for the purpose of suggesting improvements. No doubt. If the system lasts so long we may rely on the law being altered at every session of Congress for the next twenty years. It may be improved too. But that a revenue law will be passed which shall not be unfairly oppressive on this or that class, and shall at the same time be productive, and can be administered honestly and for a reasonable cost, is what no man can believe who realizes the vast diversity of interests existing among a people spread from the Rio Grande to the great Lakes, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and who possesses the least knowledge of the past administration of the custom-house and post-office system in this country. There will be constant efforts made by one section or one industry to shift its proper share of the common burden upon other shoulders, and Congressional combinations will frequently secure success to such efforts. An army of tax-gatherers will swarm through the country, like Lee's disbanded veterans, plundering friend and foe alike. The sums extorted from the people will be prodigious; the revenue received by Government disproportionate. Honest men will find it hard work to pay their taxes and earn a living. Rogues will laugh at assessors. The resources and vitality of the country are so great that it is beyond the power of legislation, however bad, to stop the national progress altogether. But it will unquestionably be retarded, and this will be the case, in spite of all the improvements which can be made in the law.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the problem—how to avoid the necessity of taxation by paying off the debt—is one of such difficulty that at first glance every one is disposed to pronounce it insoluble. Still it will do no harm to keep always in view that we ought to solve it if we can, and that as a people we have done many things which had been pronounced impossible. It is well to remember that the bulk of the debt does not begin to mature till three, five, and eight years hence, so that there is plenty of time for reflection. Attention may be directed to the operation of a sinking fund on a large scale: an institution provided for by law, but thus far not called into existence by the Government. It might be well to inquire whether a system of commutation of taxes could be devised with due regard to the interests of Government and tax-payers; such a system, for instance, as would enable a tax-payer, whose average annual taxes were $1000, to get rid of them forever or for life or for two or more lives by paying $10,000 or any other sum. If this could be accomplished a large number of persons would doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of wealth to purchase immunity from taxation, and the national debt would be reduced in proportion. A thorough study of the principle of averages might enable statisticians to capitalize the annual tax of men starting in life in almost any vocation; and in many cases such persons might be able and willing to accept the capitalization, and discharge their share of the debt in full.

All such schemes are mere crudities as yet, involving no mean difficulties. But the advantage of getting rid of the internal taxes, if it can by any means be accomplished, is so palpable that no excuse need be offered for groping in every direction in search of a road toward that end.

IGNORANCE AS A POLITICAL DISABILITY.

In the reorganization of the late rebel States, if it is proposed to make ignorance a disqualification for the franchise, let us be careful that we do not confound two very dissimilar things. If reading the Bible or doing a sum in the rule of three are to be the tests of fitness, let every body be brought to the test. But is this the wish or the proposition of the gentlemen who are so anxious that the colored citizen shall be educated before he votes? We have looked and listened very carefully, but we can not discover that it is. We have heard nothing of disfranchising ignorant white men. We are, therefore, constrained to the belief that it is not the ignorance of the blacks, it is their complexion which is the real disability. Now ignorance and degradation at the South are not peculiar to the late slaves. The poor whites are hardly less wretched and ignorant. "The blacks are not *all* qualified to vote," remarks the *Tribune*. And how many of the whites are qualified by the same standard? The *Tribune* suggests that the blacks be told "to qualify themselves by intelligence and thrift to vote wisely and safely," and then they shall come to the ballot-box.

What are intelligence and thrift? The fine society, the persons whom the *Tribune* calls "the gentlemen of the South, the intelligent property holders," were polished and rich. Did they vote wisely and safely? The Senators, Governors, Representatives, the college-bred planters and their sons, the most highly educated class at the South, did they vote wisely and safely or would they now?

We do not deny, of course, that those who were yesterday the slaves of this fine and polished society, the men who were bought and sold and outraged and imbruted by "the gentlemen of the South, the intelligent property-holders," are to-day generally ignorant and often wretched. But they are as well fitted to be trusted with political power as the ignorant foreigners who constantly arrive among us, and the still more ignorant and degraded poor whites of the Southern States. As a practical fact of experience these two last classes, with "the gentlemen of the South," form a political alliance which is profoundly dangerous to the peace and true welfare of this country. If they are not to be disfranchised by reason of their ignorance, and nobody suggests that they shall be, why should we disfranchise on account of ignorance a body of faithful native citizens who would hold that alliance in check?

For what is the condition of the masses of the poor white citizens of the Southern States, who are to be the trustees of the colored citizens until the latter have qualified themselves "by intelligence and thrift" for a share in political power?

In Mr. George M. Weston's valuable little tract, "The Poor Whites of the South," there is much valuable information upon this point. In Mr. Olmsted's works it also abounds. In a paper upon the present condition of Louisiana in the Christian *Examiner* for May, 1865, we read that the condition of the negroes is more deplorable than that of any but the poor whites. The pictures of the war correspondents in the late slave States confirm the universal story. Mr. Weston cites J. H. Taylor, of Charleston, who says in De Bow's *Review* for January, 1850: "The great mass of our poor *white* population begin to understand that they have rights.........They are fast learning that ......they can elevate themselves and their families from wretchedness and ignorance to competence and intelligence." Mr. William Gregg, in an address before the South Carolina Institute in 1851, says: "A large portion of our poor white people are wholly neglected, and are suffered to while away an existence in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest. ....It is painful to be brought in contact with such ignorance and degradation." Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, describes the same class in the same way, and they were half of the white population of the State. In a paper, published by Mr. J. H. Lumpkin, of Georgia, in 1852, he speaks of them as "our poor, degraded, half-fed, half-clothed, and ignorant population." Mr. Charles T. James, of Rhode Island, a cotton manufacturer, who had carefully studied the condition of the Southern States as adapted to manufactures, says: "Boys and girls by thousands, destitute both of employment and the means of education, grow up to ignorance and poverty, and, too many of them, to vice and crime." It appears also, in illustration of comparative intelligence, that of native white persons over twenty years of age about one in four hundred is unable to read and write in New England, one in one hundred in New York, and about one in eight in North Carolina.

Certainly if ignorance is to be a political disability, here are candidates who are not qualified. Yet we wait to hear from the opponents of suffrage for the blacks that these whites shall also be disfranchised. Are we told that the ignorant whites are made voters by the State Constitutions? What then? It is for the United States in this emergency to decide whether it will be satisfied with the requirements of these Constitutions. Why are we all debating the subject but because there is a question? If there be a question, what is it but who shall vote in the reorganization of the States?

Is it said that if ignorance in voters be a bad thing, to double the number of ignorant voters will not purify the election? But why, then, have any ignorant voters? Or if you will have them, why leave half or more of their fellow-citizens helpless in their hands? It is surely better to enfranchise the whole rather than a part of an ignorant population. If there must be an oligarchy, let it, at least, be composed of the intelligent. Moreover, in the case of the Southern States, the surest way to extirpate the ignorance is to enfranchise all the people. The whites have had the political power from the beginning. What have they done to diminish the ignorance of the blacks? Continue the sole power in their hands, and what will they do to diminish it? Enfranchise Robert Smalls, and, if he can not read, he will take care to educate his children. Let Robert Toombs make the law for Robert Smalls, and what chance of education have his children?

If education, proved by some test of reading and writing, is to be the condition of suffrage in reorganizing the States, let the test be impartially applied. Let the Government be just. Let us, above all, be spared the tingling shame of seeing our country, at this period in her history, deliberately denying rights because of color.

A WARNING FROM TENNESSEE.

Tennessee is a State which has been reorganized under a constitution which emancipates slaves, and leaves the political rights of the colored citizens to be settled by the Legislature. The consequences might have been foreseen. The House of Representatives of the State has lately passed a series of "black laws," which constantly allude to the colored citizens as "free" persons of color, as if slavery still existed in the State. The whole series shows indeed that the *spirit* of slavery does exist. No contract between a white and black citizen is to be binding unless witnessed by a white person. In courts the colored citizens may be witnesses against each other only. On failure to pay jail fees after imprisonment colored citizens may be hired out to the highest bidder. The children of colored citizens, whether orphans or not, may be bound out to white persons at the option of the court, and so on.

This is that "unfriendly legislation" which perpetuates indefinitely the trouble and danger of this country. While such laws are passed and valid, Tennessee can not be a truly republican State. She tramples upon democratic principles: and a population educated in the midst of a large class disfranchised in obedience to the most hateful prejudice, grows up haughty, unjust, insolent, and most dangerous to the common welfare.

Now what the House of Representatives in Tennessee has done every State in which slavery has been abolished by the war will do, if permitted, and four millions of faithful, honest people, just as free as Governor Brownlow or Mr. Aiken, and equally entitled with them to a voice in the Government, will be reduced to a condition of serfdom.

But, says some objector, if the people of the States are opposed to enfranchising them, is it good policy to do it? Let us see. Who are the people of the States? Who are "the people" of South Carolina? Are they the numerical minority of the population who are white rebels, or are they the numerical majority who are colored citizens of unswerving loyalty? It is curious to see how the dominance of slavery in this country has destroyed our perceptions of the simplest facts. That the slaves were men even the rebels conceded when they proposed to arm them; that they were citizens Attorney-General Bates very clearly showed in his official opinion; that they are freemen was established by President Lincoln's proclamation, and that they are more than two-fifths of the entire population of the late rebel States, appears from the census of 1860. Yet the New York *Times* lately uses these remarkable words, the italics being its own: "What the President doubtless aims at is to see the *people* of the South as distinct from the disloyal political managers ....recognize the new relations in which they stand to the negro population."

The negro population, then, are not even "people!" In such a remark, springing, of course, from no unfair hostility to its colored fellow-citizens, the *Times* unthinkingly justifies the old lie of slavery that this Government was made by white men for white men, and, therefore, that white men only are, politically speaking, the people. The truth is that the word "people" was not qualified by color.

In its very remarkable article the *Times* further says: "When that work [of the people recognizing their new relations to the negroes] is once set about, as it appears to be in Arkansas and North Carolina, in a loyal spirit, the question of negro suffrage will find a natural solution in course of time." How it will find it may be inferred from the action of the Tennessee representatives and from the remarks of Mr. Holden, the especial representative of this "loyal spirit" in North Carolina, who speaks of the right and duty of "the governing race" to determine whether colored citizens, natives of North Carolina, shall reside in the State!

Now as we believe that the late slaves in South Carolina, some of whom have subscribed to the national loan, are just as much to be counted among the people of South Carolina as Governor Megrath, or Mr. Aiken, or Mayor Macbeth, or Chestnut, or Orr, or Rhett, or any other white traitor or loyal citizen, we do not see why they should not be spoken of as such. And therefore when it is said that the people of South Carolina are opposed to the enfranchisement of the colored citizens we can reply only that we do not believe it. And in any State of which we might suppose such a statement to be true, we should say that experience had proved the indulgence of that prejudice of one class of citizens against another to be profoundly perilous to the public welfare. There is no love lost between Protestants and Catholics. But what if we should assume the Protestant citizens in any State to be "the people" in distinction to the "Catholic population?" Still more, what if we should propose that the "Protestant people" should determine upon what conditions the "Catholic population" should vote, and whether they should be allowed to reside in the State?

As Americans and honest men, let us try to remember that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed—that representation goes with taxation—and that Congress is constitutionally bound to secure a republican form of government to every State.

NATIONALITY.

A friend calls attention to a remarkable passage in a volume on "the Apocalypse," by Rev. F. D. Maurice, of London, who has been a faithful friend of this country during the long struggle. The work was published in 1860, scarcely a year before the attack upon Fort Sumter. The passage is in singular harmony with parts of Mr. Beecher's oration at the restoration of the flag upon the fort, and with the masterly pamphlet of Professor Tayler Lewis, "a Photograph from Ancient Greece:"

> "To talk of *nationalities*, as politicians talk of them, is easy; to *be* a *nation*—to feel that the name is a reality and not a fiction, this is hard; he who would cultivate that feeling must win it through endurance and sacrifice, must learn to measure what is substantial against what is accidental, must discover the impotence of many fine philosophical theories. We take this glorious privilege by tradition from those who bled for it; if we lose it, we lose all our power over those we govern, our honesty toward each other! We may lose it; *other lands of which we have spoken scornfully may earn it as our fathers earned it.*"

NEWS.

The war is over, but it seems that we are still to be the prey of foolish, sensational telegrams. Within the last few days we have been informed of the assassination of Kirby Smith, of the revolt of the colored troops at Memphis, and of the chaining of Jefferson Davis in his cell. General Washburne promptly denied the story from Memphis; General Canby has since telegraphed the surrender of Kirby Smith without mentioning his demise; and the story of the chains upon Davis comes from Philadelphia.

The remedy for any ill results of such reports must be found in the public common sense. The friends of the late rebellion will do all that is possible to discredit the Government and feed foreign jealousy, as well as to insult and defame colored citizens. But long experience ought to make us very wary. Our Philadelphia brethren of the press are so good-natured that they can not bear to refuse the hospitality of their columns to every vagabond rumor, and they are probably not surprised that "Philadelphia news" is an article well known in the market.

So with the special dispatches from Washington. The most devoted hunter of news must sometimes return with nothing but the vaguest gossip, and must make his fog pass for food if he can. The intentions of the Government are not probably imparted upon the instant to the industrious gentlemen who collect news, and the distinct assertions that the Government is about to do this or that must be liberally interpreted. We all know in advance that we shall see nothing very injurious to one Secretary in one paper, or to another Secretary in another paper; and it is impossible not to perceive that the special news is very much what the opinions or policy of the special papers that publish it specially require.

Bearing such facts in mind, a man can read his daily newspaper with much more peace of mind than if he abandoned himself to implicit belief of every thing he finds in it. The news is undoubtedly there, but there is undoubtedly a great deal there which is not news, and never will be.

"DEATH AND VICTORY."

The first day of June was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer, in memory of the martyred President. In the midst of triumph Death reigns. In the hour of jubilee our hearts bow before the remembrance that the death of the young and the old, the good and the true, has secured the victory. This is evidently the thought which Mr. Nast has expressed in the large picture of this Number of the *Weekly*.

Death sits awful upon his throne, while Victory kneels before him, the sword falling from his hands and the laurel laid away from his brow. The consciousness of his power has just been brought home to the family which reads the appalling news of the 15th of April, and to the emancipated slaves who hear that the King of Terrors has struck their earthly saviour. In a city street, below, the news of the great victory exalts every heart; but immediately, in the corresponding sketch, Death touches those hearts with startling sorrow. Death also binds in sympathy America and other lands.

So grim he seemed on that fatal Saturday six weeks ago. So over our sunny festival the cold shadow fell. But to-day, that the moment of sorrow has passed and the bereavement has only strengthened and sobered us, let Victory raise his head, resume his laurels, and say, in perfect faith: "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?"

LITERARY.

The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, Member of Congress during the four years of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and his personal friend, is preparing memoirs of the life and administration of President Lincoln, with a history of the important legislation of the same period. At the time of Mr. Lincoln's nomination in 1860 a friend asked Mr. Arnold what kind of man the candidate was. Mr. Arnold replied, "He has all the tenacity without the temper of Jackson." His administration fully justified this shrewd opinion.

"Historical View of the American Revolution," by George Washington Greene (Ticknor, Fields, & Co.). Mr. Greene has given us not only a generally valuable, but a peculiarly timely volume. The grandson of Washington's friend, General Greene, he has long made the Revolution his special study; and his simple, nervous style presents its results in the most attractive manner. His book will amply reward the attention which the intrinsic interest of the subject is sure to awaken.

IO TRIUMPHE!

BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD REALF.

Not ever, in all human time,
Did any man or nation
Plant foot upon the peaks sublime
Of Mount Transfiguration;
But first in long preceding hours
Of dread and solemn being
Clashed battle 'gainst Satanic powers,
Alone with the All-seeing.

God's glory lights no mortal brows
Which sorrow hath not wasted;
No wine hath He for lips of those
His lees who never tasted.
Nor ever, till in bloodiest stress
The heart is well approvéd,
Does the All-brooding Tenderness
Cry, "This is my beloved!"

O land, through years of shrouded nights
In triple blackness groping,
Toward the far prophetic lights
That beacon the world's hoping—
Behold! no tittle shalt thou miss
Of that transforming given
To all who, dragged through hell's abyss,
Hold fast their grip on heaven.

The Lord God's purpose throbs along
Our stormy turbulences;
He keeps the sap of nations strong
By hidden recompenses.
The Lord God sows his righteous grain
In battle-blasted furrows,
And draws from present days of pain
Large peace for calm to-morrows.

From strokes of unseen cimeters
A million hearts are bleeding;
A cry runs tingling to the stars
Of babes' and widows' pleading:
While at hell's altars sacrificed—
God's martyred son forever—
Lies the clear life that crystallized
Our kingliest endeavor.

And yet beneath our brimming tears
Lies nobler cause for singing
Than ever in the shining years
When all our vales were ringing
With happy sounds of mellow peace;
And all our cities thundered
With lusty echoes, and our seas
By freighted keels were sundered.

For lo! the branding flails that drave
Our husks of foul self from us
Show all the watching heavens we have
Immortal grain of promise.
And lo! the dreadful blasts that blew
In gusts of fire amid us
Have scorched and winnowed from the true
The falseness which undid us.

No floundering more, for mind or heart,
Among the lower levels;
No welcome more for moods that sort
With satyrs and with devils;
But over all our fruitful slopes,
On all our plains of beauty,
Fair temples for fair human hopes,
And altar-thrones for duty.

Wherefore, O ransomed people, shout!
O banners, wave in glory!
O bugles, blow the triumph out!
O drums, strike up the story!
Clang, broken fetters, idle swords!
Clap hands, O States, together!
And let all praises be the Lord's,
Our Saviour and our Father.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

On the 29th of May President Johnson issued a proclamation granting amnesty to all persons who have directly or indirectly taken part in the rebellion, with the restoration of all rights of property except as to slaves, and except in cases where legal proceedings have been instituted for the confiscation of property, on condition of their taking an oath to defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States, and to obey all laws and proclamations which have been made during the rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. There are excluded from pardon, except on special application to the President, the following classes of persons: Those who have, in order to aid the rebellion, left judicial positions or seats in Congress, or who have resigned commissions in the army or navy, or absented themselves from the country; those who were educated at West Point or in the United States Naval Academy; those who have engaged in any way in torturing our prisoners; those who have been engaged in the destruction of our commerce, or who have made raids from Canada into the United States; all persons in military, naval, or civil confinement as prisoners of war; all persons who have voluntarily participated in the rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars; all who have taken and violated the previous amnesty oath; and all officers of the Confederate service above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy.

RECONSTRUCTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 29th of May President Johnson issued a proclamation in relation to the State of North Carolina of the following import: That whereas he is in duty bound under the Constitution to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and whereas the rebellion has deprived the people of the State of North Carolina of all civil government, and it becomes necessary to enforce the obligations of the United States to the people of North Carolina, he does therefore appoint William W. Holden Provisional Governor of the State, with orders to prescribe the needful regulations for convening a convention, the delegates to which shall be chosen by loyal citizens, for the purpose of altering or amending the Constitution of the State, and with authority to restore the State to its constitutional relations to the Federal Government, and to present such a republican form of government as shall entitle the State to the guarantee of the United States therefor. No person, according to the terms of the proclamation, can be an elector or a member of such convention before taking the amnesty oath, nor any one who is not a voter according to the State Constitution. When the convention shall have assembled it shall have the power to prescribe the qualifications of electors, and the eligibility of persons to hold office under the laws of the State.

THE CONSUMMATION OF PEACE.

The following dispatch from Secretary Stanton announces the surrender of Kirby Smith's army:

War Department, Washington, *May 27, 1865.*

Major-General Dix:

A dispatch from General Canby, dated at New Orleans yesterday, the 26th instant, states that arrangements for the surrender of the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department have been concluded. They include the men and material of the army and navy.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Following upon this memorable event the President has released all prisoners condemned by military tribunals to confinement during the war.

THE END OF THE "STONEWALL."

On the evening of the 18th an important council was held at Havana, at which the Captain-General of Cuba presided. At this council Captain Paige, of the *Stonewall*, engaged to deliver up his ship to the authorities of the island, to be held in trust for the United States Government. He wished at first to give up the vessel on the condition that the vessel should not be surrendered to the United States. General Dulce refused to bind himself by any such condition. The Confederate flag was hauled down on the 19th. There were several Federal vessels of war lying off the port, among which were the *Powhatan*, Captain Worden, the *Aries*, *Connecticut*, and others.

INDICTMENT OF DAVIS.

On the 26th of May the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia reported to the Supreme Court of the District an indictment against Jefferson Davis for an assault upon Fort Stevens, said assault being an overt act of war against the United States Government. A similar indictment was brought against John C. Breckinridge.

THE EXPLOSION AT MOBILE.

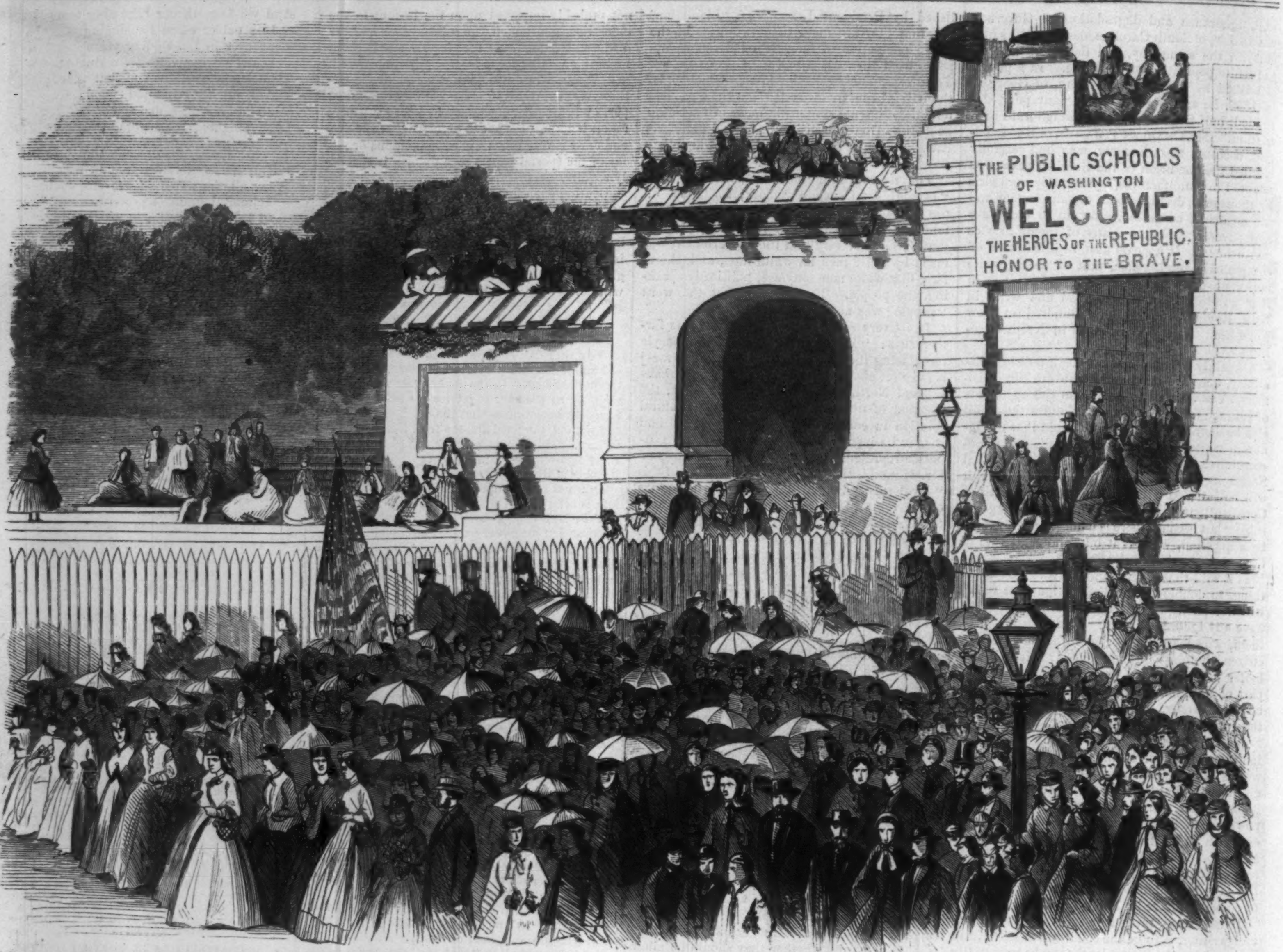
On the 24th of May the main Ordnance Department at Mobile blew up with a terrible explosion. About three hundred persons were instantly killed and many more wounded, while large numbers were buried in the ruins. Eight entire squares of the city were demolished, and about eight thousand bales of cotton destroyed. The whole city was more or less injured by the explosion. the cause of which was not ascertained.

NEWS ITEMS.

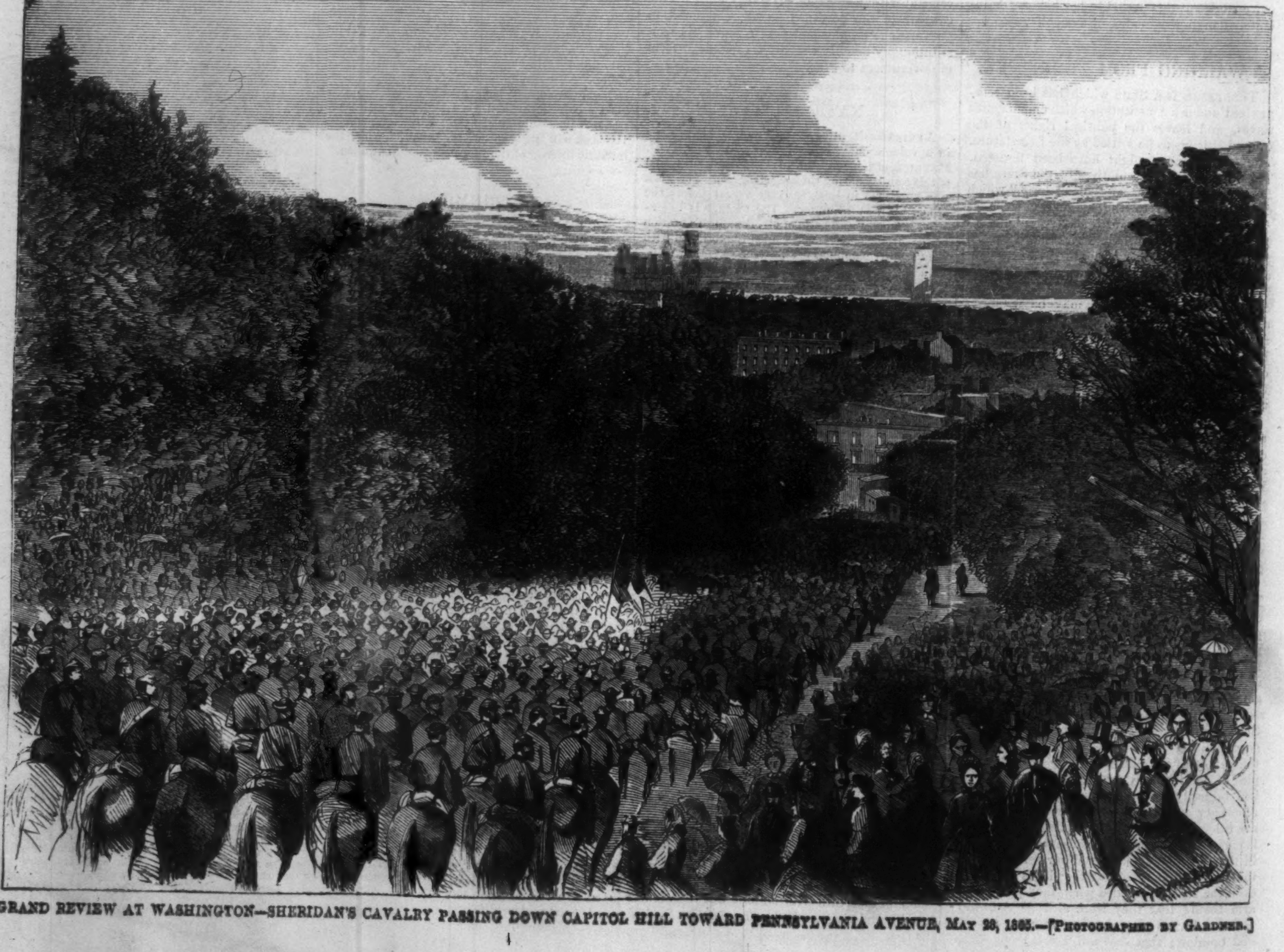
Alexander H. Stephens and John H. Reagan, with other notable rebel prisoners, were transferred to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, on the 25th of May.

The story of a plot at Memphis among the negro soldiers to massacre the paroled rebel prisoners is now said to be a hoax. General Washburne says it is false in every particular.

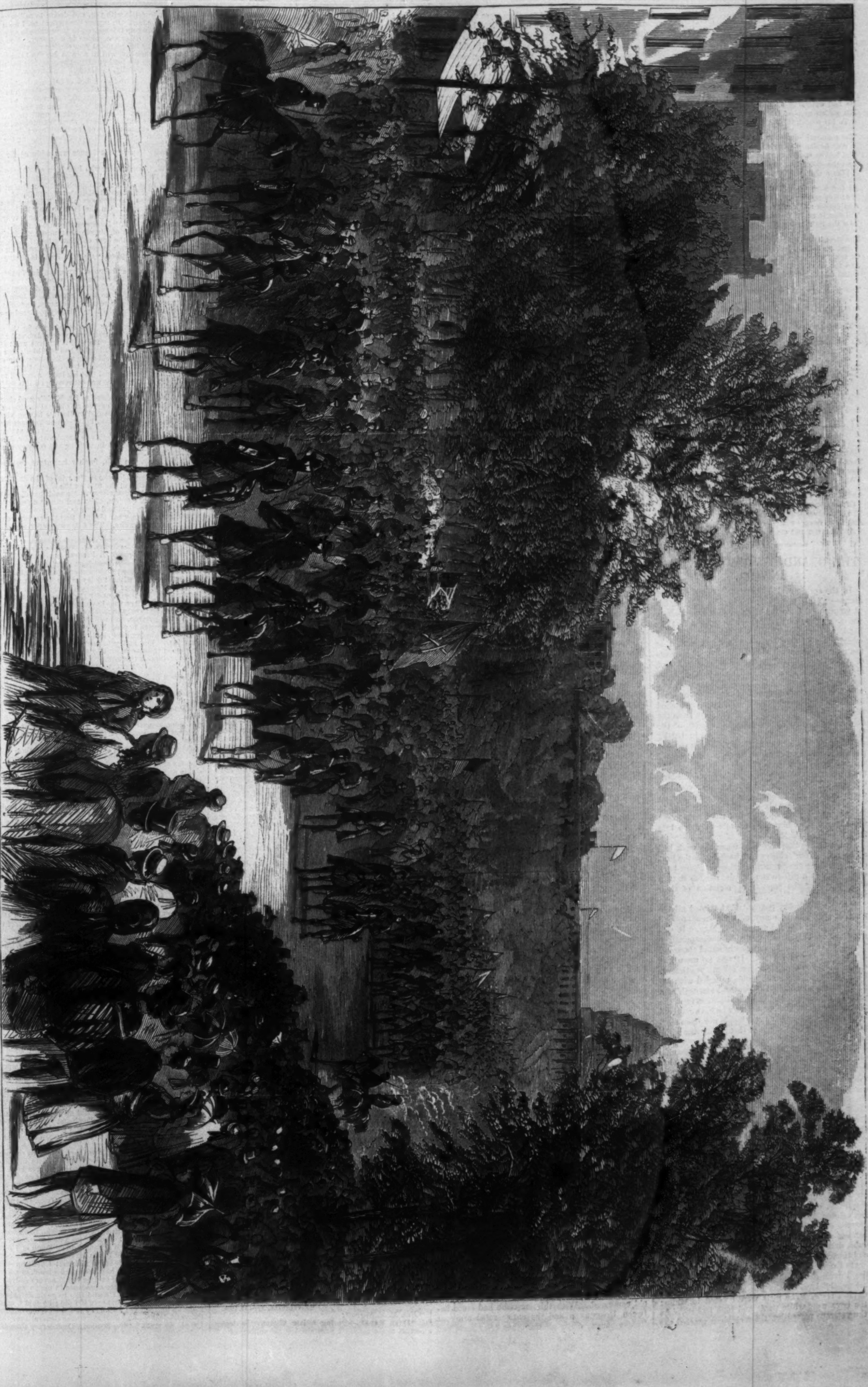
General Beauregard, of whom we have heard very little for the past two months, was in New Orleans on the 22d and registered his name at General Banks's head-quarters as a paroled rebel officer.


THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF WASHINGTON
WELCOME
THE HEROES OF THE REPUBLIC.
HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN GREETING THE SOLDIERS FROM THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.—[PHOT. BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY PASSING DOWN CAPITOL HILL TOWARD PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, MAY 23, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, May 23, 1865.—[Photographed by Gardner, and Published by Philp's & Solomons, Washington, D.C.]

WILD FLOWERS AT SUNSET.

As the bright red sun went down last night,
With my flowers a vigil I kept,
Their starry blossoms of blue and white
Were lovingly turn'd to the western light,
Till gently they droop'd and slept.

The daisy was first to bid adieu
To the light of the glorious sun;
He had watch'd his journey the whole day through,
His golden eye had been fondly true
To his course, till the day was done

The shamrock, sacred in days of yore,
Was folding his triple leaf,
The leaf so widely outspread before:
And the violet bent to the mossy floor,
Like a child subdued with grief.

At rest were the wild flowers fair and shy,
And at rest was the cowslip bell;
And darker and darker grew the sky,
Till closely seal'd was the glowing eye
Of the light-loving pimpernel.

The strawberry blossom bow'd his head,
And nestled his leaves between,
Or crept away to a mossy bed;
And the wood-sorrel droop'd on its stem so red,
And folded its trefoil green.

The primroses paler and paler grew,
The celandine shone no more;
A parting glance the forget-me-not threw,
As it closed the pensive eye of blue
That beam'd with love before.

At last the world seem'd all at rest,
The glorious sun was shaded;
Though a cloudy mountain bound the west,
No fire glow'd from his lofty crest,
To mark where his light had faded.

And darkness reign'd, till moonbeams fair
Fell on each sweet wild flower,
And brighten'd the dews that were gathering there,
On the buds and the blossoms, and every where,
Like the drop of a summer shower.

The large green leaves of the cowslip bright,
And the leaves of the primrose fair,
That had faded and droop'd in the heat and light,
Now rose refresh'd in the shadows of night,
And rejoiced in the cool, sweet air.

And many a lesson I learn'd at the sight
Of the beauty and trusting love;
Of those leaves that smiled through the shadowy night,
And those flowers that bloom'd in the broad daylight,
And the sun and moon above.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

In the spring of 1861 there was raised a cry of alarm—"The Capital is in danger!" and thousands of young men from the store, from the work-shop, and from the farm rushed with muskets in their hands to the rescue. We remember the sense of security which was felt when it was known that the gallant Seventh had bivouacked in the streets of Washington. Others came—a long train of armed men from every hamlet in the loyal States—and from the streets of that capital these men, and others who have joined their ranks, have for years been marching and fighting until they have reached the victorious end—until they have swept from the field all those who once menaced the safety of the Government, conquering most of them in battle, and dismissing the rest to their homes as paroled prisoners. What a record of heroism is compressed within the limits of those years! Too toilsome has the strife been and far too severe for grand military displays during the war. Little attention could be given to dramatic proprieties on the march or on the battle-field—the only idea of the march was to find the enemy; the only idea of the battle to get the advantage of him, and capture or drive him from the field.

It was fitting therefore that when the work had all been done, our soldiers who have borne the burden, should, as they returned bringing Peace back with them as a gift to the people, receive in turn some token of the popular appreciation of their services.

It was no ordinary pageant that turned all the people's eyes and so many of their steps toward Washington on the 23d and 24th of May. It was not the fact that in all probability the privilege would never recur of seeing two hundred thousand soldiers passing in review. It was no mere idle curiosity, but a deep, glorious, solemn sentiment. This sentiment was one of pride mingled with infinite pathos—pride in the youthful strength of a republic tried and found steadfast—pathos from the remembrance of countless heroes who have received their crowns not from mortal hands nor upon mortal brows, who died many of them while the strife seemed yet uncertain.

Only the soldier can appreciate the full meaning of this grand march through Washington. He has been the actor all along while we have been but spectators, even as here. Some of these soldiers have marched from Washington, and have returned by a circuitous route through the bloody campaigns of Chattanooga, Atlanta, and the wearisome marches through Georgia and North Carolina. Such was the case with the Twentieth Corps—Hooker's old command.

THE SCENE AT THE CAPITOL.

According to Lieutenant-General Grant's order of march, the army of the Potomac, under General Meade, would be reviewed on the 23d, and the armies of Tennessee and Georgia, under General Sherman, on the 24th. Each day the head of the column rested at the foot of Capitol Hill, beginning its march from that point at 9 o'clock A.M., passing around the Capitol to Pennsylvania Avenue, and up the Avenue to the Aqueduct Bridge, and thence back to camp.

On the north end of the Capitol the scholars of the intermediate and grammar schools took their places, the boys on the hill and the girls on the Capitol steps. The girls were dressed in white; the boys wore white pants and blue jackets. As the veterans passed by, these children greeted the column with songs, and, as they were a numerous choir, the effect was very beautiful. The children also displayed a large number of banners. On the northwest corner of the Capitol was the following very appropriate motto: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe to the victorious Union soldiers." The scene at this point we have illustrated on page 356.

On the same page a view is presented of Sheridan's cavalry passing down Capitol Hill toward Pennsylvania Avenue. These heroes of Winchester, Cedar Creek, and Five Forks were an hour and three quarters in passing the Capitol. Sheridan, the life of this glorious company, was not present, having been assigned to a distant department of operations. But Generals Merritt and Custer in great measure compensated for his absence. They were enthusiastically cheered as they passed. On the next page a fuller view is given of the cavalry as it passed down Pennsylvania Avenue.

BEFORE THE WHITE HOUSE.

The stand from which the armies were reviewed was situated in front of the White House. Here, at an early hour, the President and Lieutenant-General, accompanied by General Meade, took their places, being afterward joined by General Parke, in command of the Ninth Corps. General Meade, as he approached the stand, was accompanied by his staff, bearing the head-quarters flag of the Army of the Potomac. This flag was of a very beautiful design. The back-ground was Solferino, and a golden eagle stood out from this, surmounted by a silver wreath.

The principal stand, of which we give an illustration on our first page, was about 120 feet long, and was beautifully decorated; its base and capitals were composed of American flags, and its columns were wreathed with hospital flags of yellow and green. From above waved white flags—the tokens of a conquered peace. Upon the draping of the flags were inscribed the names of fifteen gigantic battles and campaigns. There were the names of Atlanta, Wilderness, Stone River, South Mountain, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Savannah, Richmond, Petersburg, Bentonsville, Donelson, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Antietam, and Spottsylvania. President Johnson occupied a central position on the stand. At his right a seat was retained for the several corps commanders, who occupied it in succession as their commands passed in review. In the front rank of seats next to this corps commanders' seat, on the left, were seated Secretary of War Stanton, Lieutenant-General Grant, and Brevet Major-General Rawlins, General Grant's Chief of Staff. On the left of the President were Postmaster-General Dennison, Major-General Sherman, Secretary of the Navy Welles, Quarter-master-General Meigs, and Major-General Barnard. Upon the second row of benches, commencing on the right, were Colonel Parker, the Indian officer on the staff of General Grant; Hon. Hugh M'Cullough, Secretary of the Treasury; Major-General Meade, Mrs. and Miss Dennison, Major-General Barry, Mrs. Welles, Major-General Sandford, New York State Militia, and Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland. Upon the third row of seats were Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, and Admiral Shubrick of the navy, and a number of naval officers. In the front row, upon the wings, were seated Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury Harrington and Fields, Attorney-General Speed, Secretary of Interior Harlan, Paymaster-General Brice, Assistant Postmasters-General Randall and M'Clellan, and Mayor Wallach. The rest of this stand, which was capable of accommodating five hundred persons, was filled up with the diplomatic corps and the families of those entitled to seats upon the stand.

Before this stand the whole army passed in review. The day was auspicious, and nothing marred the splendor of the spectacle. First came the cavalry, then the Ninth Corps, under General Parke. This latter was Burnside's famous corps, and their tattered banners told of a score of hard-fought battles. The gallant Fifth Corps followed under General Griffin. No corps in the army has a prouder record than the Fifth; every battle-field in Virginia has drunk its blood and testifies to its valor. The old Second Corps of Hancock, now commanded by General Humphreys, followed. This corps was organized by General M'Clellan, and was commanded by General French in the Peninsular campaign. Its record under Burnside and Hancock is a magnificent one. It has borne the brunt of many battles. Barlow's Division was the especial pride of this corps.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY.

The second day of the review equaled the first in splendor and thrilling interest. This day was devoted to the armies of the West. The Army of Tennessee had the advance. General Sherman rode in the front accompanied by General Howard. The children at the Capitol looked as fresh as on the day before, their songs were just as sweet and inspiring, and their floral gifts as generously bestowed. Generals Slocum, Hazen, Logan, and Blair were greeted with especial enthusiasm along the whole line. They and their horses, says the *Herald* correspondent, were literally festooned with flowers until they were obliged to refuse any more. The transportation brigade of the "Bummers' Corps" caused much amusement as it passed.

First in order came the Fifteenth Corps, Sherman's old command, now under General Hazen, the hero of Fort M'Allister. Among the division commanders was General Corse, the brave defender of Allatoona.

Blair's Corps—the Seventeenth—followed. As it passed Willard's Hotel a deputation from the citizens of Missouri presented General Blair with a splendid corps flag, while some ladies presented flowers.

The Army of Georgia consisted of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps. The latter of these had the advance. The Fourteenth was General Thomas's old command. With this corps he had stood between Rosecrans and the entire rebel army at Chickamauga, when all the other commands had been broken. This corps was organized immediately after the battle of Stone River. When Thomas took command of the Army of the Cumberland he was succeeded in command of the corps by General John M. Palmer. The latter was succeeded by General Jefferson C. Davis at Atlanta.

The Twentieth Corps was General Hooker's old command. Its history is fresh in the popular memory. No words of ours can add any thing to the glory attained by this corps beneath or above the clouds. Its division commanders, Generals Mower, Williams, and Geary, deserve to be mentioned as soldiers who have done hard service which only history will appreciate and reward.

AT LONG BRIDGE.

On page 365 we give an illustration representing Sherman's veteran armies crossing Long Bridge on their way to the Capitol. It is impossible here not to recur to a far different scene which occurred in 1861, when our soldiers crossed this bridge to occupy Alexandria. This was the first invasion of the "sacred soil," which has since been trampled by half a score of armies.

Thus passed the great review of the national armies. Many commands equally worthy of notice were not permitted to take part in the spectacle, because of their distance or from the pressure of active duty in the field or in garrison. The occasion will be long remembered. May the time never come when these armed men shall again be called to enter the field against any foe whether domestic or foreign! The God of Battles has granted the nation victory. Let us all pray that He may for many generations grant that we may live in peace and quietness!

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

We continue from our last number the record of the trial going on at Washington against the conspirators. During the review of the troops there was an intermission. On Thursday, May 25, the Court was again opened. On that day the remaining evidence for the prosecution was taken.

The testimony of Major Marsh, Captain Emery, Benjamin Deveny, William Bull, and E. W. Ross related to cruelties inflicted by the rebel authorities. The bearing of this testimony we shall give in a future number.

George R. M'Gee testified that Arnold had been in the rebel service; that in 1864 he had seen him in the rebel uniform.

John L. Caldwell was then sworn. He was at Mathews's grocery-store at Georgetown on the morning after the assassination. At about eight o'clock Atzerott came into the store and offered his watch to Caldwell for $10. The latter at length loaned him the amount, taking Atzerott's revolver as security.

A number of Mr. Mudd's slaves were then sworn. These testified that he had harbored rebels in his house, and sent one of his slaves to build batteries at Richmond. One of these slaves testified to the fact of an intimacy between Mudd and John Surratt. He had heard Dr. Mudd assent to the opinion that President Lincoln ought to have been killed long ago.

Another colored man, William Marshall, testified that he had heard a conversation between a Mr. Gardiner and Dr. Mudd after the battles on the Rappahannock. Gardiner said: "Sam, we gave them hell down the Rappahannock." "Yes, we did," replied the Doctor.

The testimony for the prosecution having been given, the case for the defense opened. The first testimony offered was in behalf of Mrs. Surratt.

Fathers Wigatt, Boyle, and Stonestreet were the witnesses first called. These testified that they knew nothing unchristian or disloyal against Mrs. Surratt.

The testimony of Mrs. Eliza Hollohan, the next witness, who had boarded at Mrs. Surratt's from February 7 till April 16, tended rather to establish than to weaken the evidence for the prosecution in regard to Mrs. Surratt's intimacy with the other prisoners. She went to church with Mrs. Surratt very often during Lent.

Miss Honora Fitzpatrick, a boarder at Mrs. Surratt's since last October, was the next witness. Her testimony also fortified that previously given by Weichman. She saw Booth at Mrs. Surratt's on the Monday before the assassination.

B. F. Gwyn, being sworn, said that on the day of the murder he came from Marlborough, and met Mrs. Surratt at Surrattsville, when she gave him a letter for Mr. Nothy. He met Lloyd that day at Marlborough, at 4½ P.M. Lloyd was partially intoxicated.

Captain George Collingham, into whose care Lloyd was given after his arrest, was the next witness. He testified that Lloyd at first, for two days, denied that he had any thing to do with the crime. At length, upon being told that the sooner he got rid of it the better, he said: "Oh, my God! if I should make a confession they would murder me!" Collingham asking him who would murder him, he said, "These parties in the conspiracy." Upon being put in the guard-house Lloyd made a confession. As his statement has already been recorded as a part of his testimony, it need not be repeated here.

Through Mr. R. J. Conly and Mr. O'Loughlin an attempt was made to establish an *alibi* for the prisoner O'Loughlin. The former had come on April 13th, with O'Loughlin and others, from Baltimore to Washington. The train reached Washington at about 5½ P.M. The party then went to Lickou's or Rimmer's Hotel, but came immediately out, and O'Loughlin went with Conly to the National Hotel. After a few minutes they went to Eleventh Street, and then back to Mecker's dining-saloon, where they took supper, staying three quarters of an hour. They left there about half past seven or eight o'clock, and went to Third Street, where O'Loughlin and Murphy parted with Conly and Henderson, saying they were going to visit a sick man, and would soon return. They returned accompanied by Daniel Lockran, and the whole party started up the avenue to see the illumination. After a while Conly and O'Loughlin, with Lockran, went into the Canterbury Music Hall, where they remained until ten o'clock. Then they went to the Metropolitan Hotel, and from there to Rullman's, which they reached about a quarter or half past ten o'clock. They remained one hour. O'Loughlin was with Conly all that night. Conly was with O'Loughlin nearly all day on Friday. On Friday evening he was with him till ten o'clock, when O'Loughlin went out from Rullman's with Mr. Fuller.

Murphy's testimony corroborated the above.

Other testimony was also adduced proving an unquestionable *alibi*.

On Friday B. F. Gwyn was recalled, and the letter taken by him from Mrs. Surratt to Mr. Nothy was produced. The following is a copy:

"Surrattsville, Md., *April* 14, 1865.

"*Mr. John Nothy:*

"Sir,—I have this day received a letter from Mr. Calvert, intimating that either you or your friend have represented that I am not willing to settle with you for the land. You know that I am ready, and have been waiting for you for these two years; and now, if you do not come within the next ten days, I will settle with Mr. Calvert, and bring suit against you immediately. Mr. Calvert will give you a deed on receiving payment.

"M. E. Surratt,
"Administratrix of J. M. Surratt."

Two more Catholic priests testified that Mrs. Surratt was a good Catholic.

The following letter was also produced, written to Mrs. Surratt by George N. Calvert:

"Riversdale, *April* 12, 1865.

"*Mrs. M. E. Surratt:*

"Dear Madam,—During a late visit to the lower portion of the county I ascertained of the willingness of Mr. Nothy to settle with you, and desire to call your attention to the fact. In urging the settlement, I must insist upon closing up this matter, as imperative in an early settlement of the estate, which is necessary. You will therefore please inform me at your earliest convenience as to how and when you will be able to pay the balance remaining due on the land purchased by your late husband.

"Yours respectfully, George N. Calvert, Jun."

R. H. Maulsley, brother-in-law of O'Loughlin, testified that O'Loughlin came to Baltimore from the South in August, 1862. He was somewhat sick. After about a month he went with his brother to Washington in the produce and feed business. Here he remained until the fall of 1863, when his brother removed from Washington, leaving him the entire charge of the Washington business. Maulsley then stated the circumstances attending the arrest of O'Loughlin.

Here some important evidence was adduced for the prosecution.

Lewis W. Chamberlain, who had been on duty in the rebel War Department in Richmond identified the handwriting of Judge John A. Campbell and Harrison in the indorsements of Lieutenant Alston's letter to Davis.

Henry Finegas was then sworn. In February he was in Montreal, Canada. On the 14th or 15th he heard a conversation between George N. Sanders and William Cleary. Cleary said, "I suppose they are getting ready for the inauguration of Lincoln next month?" Sanders said, "Yes; but if the boys only have luck Lincoln will not trouble them much longer." Cleary asked if all was well, and Sanders replied, "Oh yes; Booth is bossing the job."

Charles Sweeney and James Young testified further as to the cruelties inflicted on Union prisoners.

The evidence for the defense was then again resumed.

John Nothy testified to having purchased from Mrs. Surratt some years ago seventy-five acres, and that he had received from her the letter already produced as testimony.

Dr. John C. Thomas was then called upon for the purpose of invalidating the testimony which his brother had given against Dr. Mudd. He said it was not until after the assassination that his brother had told him about the remark made by Dr. Mudd some weeks before. He said his brother's mind was affected by disease. Upon being cross-examined he admitted that his brother seemed to be in his right mind when he was conversing on this subject with him.

Jeremiah T. Mudd testified to Dr. Mudd's good character. He had heard him express no disloyal sentiment.

John C. Thompson testified to Booth's having visited Dr. Gwyn, his father-in-law, in October or November last. On Sunday Dr. Gwyn, Booth, and Dr. Mudd met at church at Bryantown. Here Booth was introduced to Dr. Mudd. Booth's ostensible object in visiting the country was to purchase lands.

On Saturday, the 27th, further important testimony was offered for the prosecution.

George F. Edmunds, who in the trial of the St. Albans raiders took charge of the case for the United States Government, was the first witness. He said that during the trial Thompson, Sanders, Clay, and others defended the raiders, being engaged to do this as officers of the Confederate States. Cleary had testified that the raiders were in the Confederate service. The following paper was given in evidence:

"Confederate States of America,
"War Department, Richmond, Va., *June* 16, 1864.

"*To Lieutenant Bennett H. Young:*

"Lieutenant,—You have been appointed temporarily first-lieutenant in the provisional army for special service. You will proceed without delay to the British provinces, where you will report to Messrs. Thompson and Clay for instructions. You will, under their directions, take such Confederate soldiers who have escaped from the enemy, not exceeding twenty in number, as you may deem suitable for the purpose, and will execute such enterprises as may be intrusted to you. You will take care to commit no violation of the local law, and to obey implicitly their instructions. You and your men will receive from these gentlemen transportation and the customary rations and the commutation therefor.

"James A. Seddon, Secretary of War."

William R. Nevins was then called to the stand. Nevins, a resident of New York, was in Washington on the 12th of April, and stopped at the Kirkwood House. He identified Atzerott as a man whom he met at that house, and who inquired for the number of the Vice-President's room. Nevins did not know the number, but pointed out the room, remarking that Mr. Johnson was at dinner. Atzerott then looked in the dining-room, when Nevins lost sight of him.

Bettie Washington, a colored woman, was then called for the defense. She had lived at Dr. Mudd's since the Monday after Christmas. She had not been absent for a single night since that time. During the period Dr. Mudd had been absent from home on three occasions, separated by one or two weeks' interval. First, he had staid late in the evening at Mr. George Gardiner's party: second, he had been to Gisboro to buy some horses; third, he had been to Washington, returning the next day.

Jeremiah T. Mudd, being recalled, testified that he did not think he could believe Daniel G. Thomas, witness for the prosecution, even when under oath. He could name but one man who had ever said any thing against Thomas, and that was Dr. George Mudd; and the latter had expressed his opinion on the occasion of Thomas having arrested a Mr. Pyne for harboring rebel soldiers.

The testimony of B. F. Gwyn (recalled) and Jerry Dyer, next introduced, was certainly of no great value for the defense, proving that although the persons harbored and fed by Dr. Mudd were not rebel soldiers, they yet belonged to military organizations known to be opposed to the Government or to the draft. It was testified by one of them that Dr. Mudd himself belonged to an organization of this character.

Frank Washington, a colored man living last year with Dr. Mudd, was introduced to impeach the veracity of Mary Simms, a colored witness for the prosecution. The promptness with which he answered, even before the questions had been fairly put by the counsel, produced considerable merriment. He testified that Mary Simms had never been known to tell the truth.

The remaining portion of the testimony taken during Saturday is not noteworthy.

When the court opened on Monday the 29th the counsel for Mrs. Surratt asked for the recall of Henry Van Steinacker, in order that they might introduce evidence to disprove his testimony regarding the secret meeting of rebel army officers for consultation about the assassination of the President. The Judge-Advocate expressed his willingness that Steinacker should be recalled if he could be found; but the Court decided that it would be improper to receive the statement made by the counsel as evidence.

Mr. Davis, a workman, and Dr. George Mudd were then called in behalf of Dr. Mudd. Dr. George Mudd testified that on the Sunday after the assassination Dr. Mudd had expressed a desire that he should acquaint the military authorities with the fact that Booth and Harold had been at his house. But as this conversation might have been an afterthought, it could not of course be put on record as a part of the testimony.

Some important testimony was then offered by the prosecution in relation to Dr. Blackburn's plot to introduce yellow-fever among our citizens. Hyams was here the principal witness. He bore witness to the fact that he had been engaged by Dr. Blackburn, at Toronto, to convey to Washington numerous packages of clothing infected with yellow-fever. The following is Hyam's narrative in his own words:

"I was introduced to Dr. Blackburn by the Rev. Stuart Robinson, at the Queen Hotel, Toronto; Dr. Blackburn was about to take South some soldiers who had escaped from Northern prisons; I asked him if he was going South himself; he asked me if I wanted to go South and serve the Confederacy; I said I did; he then told me to come up stairs; he wanted to speak with me; I went up stairs with him into a parlor; he offered me his hand, as a Freemason, in friendship, and said he would never deceive me—that he wanted to place confidence in me for an expedition; he asked me if I would like to go on an expedition; I told him I did not care if I did; he said I would make an independent fortune by it—at least one hundred thousand dollars—and more glory than General Lee; that I could do more for the Southern Confederacy than if I had taken one hundred thousand soldiers to reinforce General Lee; I considered, and after a time told him I would go; he then told me he wanted me to take a certain quantity of clothing—he did not say how much—coats, shirts, and underclothing, into the States, and dispose of them at auction; he wanted me to take them into Washington City, into Norfolk, and as far south as I could go, where the General Government held possession; he wanted me to sell them on a hot day or night; it did not matter what money I got for the clothes; I was just to dispose of them for what I could get; I was in Toronto to go on with my legitimate business, and if I left I was to inform Dr. Stuart Robinson where I was, and he was to telegraph or write to me somewhere about the month of January, 1864; I went on with my work until, I think, the 8th of June, 1864; on Saturday night I had been out to take a pair of boots home to a customer of mine; when I returned my wife had a letter in her hand from Dr. Robinson, which he had just left there; I called on Dr. Robinson, and asked him what I was to do; he said he did not know any thing about it; he did not wish himself to commit any overt act against the United States Government; that I had better take only just enough money to carry me down to Montreal; I had a letter to Mr. Slaughter there, who gave me directions to proceed to Halifax, where I was to meet Dr. Blackburn; the letter was dated May 10, 1864, from Havana; I went down to Halifax; Dr. Blackburn arrived there about the 12th of July, from Havana; he sent down to the hotel where I was stopping; I went to see him; he told us he had clothing there which had been smuggled off, and I, in accordance with his direction, took an express wagon belonging to the hotel down to the steamboat landing, and got there eight trunks and a valise; he directed me to take the things to my hotel and put them in a private room, which I did, and notified Dr. Blackburn; he asked me if I would take the valise into the States, and send it by express, accompanied with a letter, as a present to President Lincoln; I objected, and the valise was taken to his hotel; he ordered me to scratch the marks off the trunks; they had Spanish marks on them; he told me a man would go with me next morning to make arrangements with one or two vessels going to Boston to smuggle the trunks through; I went down, as directed, and made application to Captain M'Gregor; I don't remember the name of the vessel; the one who went with me had a consultation with Captain M'Gregor; I don't know what he said, but Captain M'Gregor refused to take the trouble; we next went to the bark *Halifax*, Captain John O'Brien; the officer who was with me said I had some goods I wanted to take to my friends as presents—silk and satin dresses, etc.—and that he wanted to make an arrangement to smuggle them into Boston; the Captain and he had a private consultation; when they came out he consented to take them on board the *Halifax* and smuggle them in; we took them on board his vessel that day; on arriving at Boston it was five days before we got an opportunity of getting them off, but he succeeded at last in doing it, and expressed them through to Philadelphia; from there I brought them to Baltimore, and brought five trunks here to Washington; four of them I gave to a man representing himself as a sutler from Boston, by the name of Myres; I understood at the time that he was a sutler in Sigel's army; he said he had found goods which he was told to take to Newbern, North Carolina; my instructions were to make a market for the goods, and I turned them over to him; Dr. Blackburn told me at the time that he could have about one million dollars of goods got together that summer to be disposed of."

Upon being asked what was the object of the scheme, Hyams answered, "To destroy the army and every body in the country." Having been asked to state what occurred on his return to Canada, Hyams replied:

"I went through to Hamilton without stopping there; I had to wait for the cars, and was met by Mr. Holcombe and C. C. Clay; they both shook hands with me, greeted me heartily, and congratulated me on my safe return, and on my making a fortune; they told me I should be a gentleman for the future; I telegraphed to Dr. Blackburn, who was then staying at Montreal, as Mr. Holcombe had told me, that I had returned. Next night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Dr. Blackburn came up and knocked at the door; I was in bed, but looked out of the window and saw Dr. Blackburn; he told me to come down and open the door; that I was like all other rascals after doing something—afraid the devil was after me; he was accompanied by James H. Young; he asked me how I disposed of the goods, and I told him; he said it was all right; if 'Big No. 2' had been disposed of, that that would kill at sixty yards' distance; I then told him that every thing had gone wrong in my business there since I had been away, and that I needed some money; he said he would go to Colonel Thompson and make arrangements to draw upon him for any money I desired; he said the British authorities had solicited his attention to the yellow-fever raging at Bermuda; that he was going out there, and as soon as he came back he would see me; I went to see Jacob Thompson the next morning; he said that Dr. Blackburn had been there and made arrangements to pay me $100 when the goods had been disposed of according to his directions; I told him I wanted the money; he said, 'I will give you $50 now, but it is against Dr. Blackburn's request; when you show me that you have sold the goods I will pay you the balance;' I gave him a receipt for $50 on account of Dr. Blackburn; this was the 11th or 12th of August; the next day I wrote a letter to Mr. Wall here, saying I had gone to Canada since he sold the goods, and asked him to remit to me the proceeds at Toronto; when I got a letter from William L. Wall I took it to Colonel Thompson; he said he was satisfied with it, and gave me a check for $50 on the Ontario Bank, Montreal; I gave him a receipt for $50 on account of Dr. S. P. Blackburn."

Hyams testified that Jacob Thompson seemed to have a perfect knowledge of the character of his business. He, Hyams, had mentioned to him the large sum promised by Dr. Blackburn, and Thompson said the Confederate Government had appropriated for that purpose $200,000.

Hyams further stated that C. C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, and Mr. Holcombe were acquainted with his business.

A. Bremier, in the service of Mr. Wall, commission merchant in Washington, to whom the infected clothing had been assigned for sale by auction, testified to having received the packages and to having advanced one hundred dollars on them.

Kennedy's confession of his plot to destroy the hotels in New York city was also introduced as testimony for the prosecution.

H. B. Carter testified to an intimacy existing between Booth, Blackburn, George N. Sanders, and Beverly Tucker.

On Tuesday the 30th more important evidence was introduced for the prosecution. Lewis F. Bates testified that he had resided in Charlotte, North Carolina, for four years. Jefferson Davis stopped at his house on the 19th of April, and made an address from the steps. Davis received and read to the crowd a telegram from General Breckinridge, dated Greensborough, April 19, as follows:

"President Lincoln was assassinated in the theatre on the night of the 14th inst. Secretary Seward's house was entered on the same night, and he was repeatedly stabbed, and is probably mortally wounded."

The witness said that after reading this dispatch to the crowd Davis said: "If it were to be done it were better it were well done." The day after Breckinridge and Davis conversed in the house of the witness on the subject of the assassination. Breckinridge remarked to Davis that he regretted it very much: it was unfortunate for the people of the South at the time.

The regret seemed to be because of sympathy for the South, and not because of the criminality of the act.

Davis replied, "Well, General, I don't know. If it were to be done at all, it were better it were well done; and if the same were done to Andy Johnson, the beast, and Secretary Stanton, the job would then be complete."

J. C. Courtney, a telegraph operator, testified that the telegram in question passed over the wires.

Jacob Ritterspaugh testified that he was employed in Ford's Theatre when the President was shot. He saw the assassin run across the stage, and followed him. He found the door hard to open. When witness returned Spangler struck him, saying, "For God's sake, don't say which way he (Booth) went!" Witness was called for Harold, and said he had always been regarded as a light and trifling boy, and easily influenced. He was temperate in his habits and regular in his hours.

The rebel General Edward Johnston was sworn for the defense. Some objection was made to receiving his evidence, but the objection was afterward withdrawn. His testimony was purely negative. He had not seen Booth; had known of no secret meeting having in view the assassination or capture of President Lincoln; and had not heard the assassination spoken of as a desirable event.

Testimony of a similar nature was given by other rebel officers.

The testimony offered on Tuesday for the defense lacked point. There were some interesting incidents. The scene during the examination of Mrs. Surratt's daughter was rendered quite affecting by her impatience to get a view of her mother's face, frequently asking where her mother was. She testified that she had never heard her mother speak of the assassination or capture of President Lincoln.

One by the name of Lemons testified that he saw Atzerott on Sunday, April 16, at Mentz's, about noon. At dinner, Atzerott being asked if Grant had been killed, said if he had been it must have been by some one who had got on the same car. He appeared confused, but this was owing to something between him and Mr. Mentz's daughter, with whom he had a love-affair.

Testimony was also introduced to prove that Harold was a youth easily influenced and lacking in independence.

HALF-WITTED PEPE.

A swamp, although interesting to naturalists, is an uninviting spot for a residence; and this infirm little house has the air of being aggrieved that it is not allowed to display its proportions in a more favorable situation. When the wind blows it always sighs; and when the sky is fair and bright, and the unsteady building can find no voice, the frogs gather about its foundations, and, inspired by a long and uninterrupted friendship, take up the work of complaining.

It has an old stove-funnel for a chimney, from which rises an almost imperceptible curl of faint smoke, not suggestive of a warm peat fire, or the savory smell of a poor man's wholesome dinner. By the low door there is "ne'er a flower at all;" and instead of a neat plank safely leading across the gaping ditch to the railroad, which stretches far out of sight on the clayey ridge above, the slimy trunk of a rotten tree bridges the noisome water.

Listless travelers on the long Eastern journey, whiling away the tedious hours as best they may, with unmoved eyes look lazily over the swamps; but when just ahead they spy this small shed of a house, set up on high posts like miniature wharf-piers to keep it above the water, they open their eyes a little wider, and enjoy a reviving laugh; for something queerer than the house and odder than the taste which selected its site never fails to meet the gaze of the left-hand tier of passengers.

On the dryest side of the building, where gravel is mingled with the spongy soil, some daring horticulturalist has projected a garden; among abortive efforts at potatoes and shrunken cabbage-heads half a dozen bean-poles rise prominent; the sad, withered vines, with scarce strength to cling to their supporters, add no air of cheerfulness to the dank region.

The most phlegmatic trader going to transact dry business in Bangor or St. Johns looks up from the newspaper, and feels an involuntary trickle of pity for the unfortunate somebody who calls this most depressing spot home.

For the tallest bean-pole a stout young hickory yielded its life; and the unconscious remains of the poor sapling, once so proud of its verdant dress, have now hardly a drooping leaf to hide their nakedness. It stands like a stunted liberty-pole, but surmounted just now by a figure altogether unlike the American eagle. A ragged coat-tail flutters in the breeze; beneath the shadow of tangled red hair a speckled face looks enthusiasm and exultation, as a brimless hat is flirted furiously round it; the other rough, scratched hand and the two grimy, bare feet cling tenaciously to the smooth pole.

One would think that this ungainly creature could never have seen a steam-engine before, so wonderful is his ardor. But Perez came into the world with its shrill whistle drowning his voice. His first achievement in creeping brought him to the door to see the great monster hurrying by. As successive months matured his powers, he stole out of bed at gray dawn to bid the mystery good-morning. He woke up in the night to find his cross-legged cot vibrating with its heavy march. The great red eye which glared though the window in the early evening followed him in his dreams. He dropped bread-and-butter and forsook mud-houses when his ear first caught its distant rumble. The restless, panting engine was the genius of his life.

One morning in spring the first sweet notes of the birds were making glad winter-bound hearts, the ground was moist with escaping frost, and little green shoots showed themselves amidst the faded grass of last year. The dry, dead-looking branches were bursting out in soft buds, and the world seemed growing young again. Ripple, ripple, went the water in all the clear ponds, with a sheen of mellow sunlight softening its blue; the reflected tree-boughs crinkled and twisted like snakes; under matted leaves at the bottom gay little trout pushed their heads, and then darted up again to the bright surface. Contented cows, come down to the brink for a refreshing draught, cast uncertain shadows in the wavering depths.

In all the villages the white houses and green blinds were clean and fresh, from April showers; even the dull bricks and stone pavements of cities looked as if they might have a fresh corner for a cheerful blade of grass or a bright clover-blossom.

The bogs around the little house perched up by the railroad felt that summer was coming; delicate feathers of new-born moss peered between the tangled briers; black snags and unsightly weed-stalks were beautified by some tender touch of spring. The frogs obtruded one goggle-eye from their wet hiding-place, and croaked with uncommon melody. The turtles dragged their unwieldly shapes up from the bottom of the trench, and, holding fast to decayed roots or slippery stones, dried their glistening shells and sunned their black heads and cold feet, with a stupid enjoyment of life; and slender green snakes coiled in and out among the alder-bushes.

But a foggy mist arose from the pools and tempered the sunshine, and the water here was never pure or transparent. A thick scum settled on the borders, and ugly insects crawled over poisonous-looking leaves which floated on the surface.

This morning Perez, with a spotted flower from the fens in his tattered button-hole, sat quiet and watchful on the log crossing the water. His roving eyes were fixed on the point where the black rails seemed blended, and the trees met in an indistinct arch above. So he sat every day in the year; gazing beneath a blue sky on the clear perspective of the landscape, or straining his eyes through rain and fog, eager for the appearance of this tremendous friend or foe—he knew not which to think it. As the jar of the rail, which he was quick to detect, and the cloud of steam obscuring the prospect, betokened its approach—while the snakes retreated to their holes, and the frogs and turtles plumped into the ditch, he fled to his look-out, and greeted its coming with acclamations.

But to-day something was amiss on the road, and the lordly engine veered from its straightforward course. Rattling and crashing, the cars slipped aside, and the frightened passengers poured down the steps. While the men were congratulating each other upon their fortunate escape from harm, and the women were straightening their bonnets and shawls, a white, patient face, with a great bruise on the temple, shaded by a jammed hat with blue ribbon, made its way from a deserted car.

On a projecting sleeper Perez stood, blinded with flying sparks and the vaporous breath of the angry engine, and nearly stunned with astonishment and fright. He thought that the great dazzling ball which rose over the meadows and shone through the early fog must have fallen from the sky. He was questioned by one, ordered by another, and jeered at by a third; but in his bewilderment and confusion he was unconscious of it all. This unprotected little figure, so childlike and yet so womanly, aroused his torpid senses. With a quick instinct he stepped toward her, and proffering his wilted blossom, and pointing with one cinder-stained hand toward the melancholy house at his side, asked her to go home with him. Her hand, as it received the flower, reminded him of the wreaths of snow which, a few months ago, whirled over the landscape; and the eyes which smiled into his made him think of the stars as they gleamed and twinkled at night. A new wonder had dawned upon Perez, and even the fearful engine was forgotten in its gentle fascination.

The clamorous crowd barricaded the door where he and his grandfather, the old shoemaker, lived by themselves; but Perez made a path through them all for his fair, soft-voiced companion.

Before many hours the train moved on, carrying the travelers with it. And when the light faded from the sky, and the night-wind muttered over the swamp, Perez was alone on the wooden door-step with an undefined sense of calm, holy influences, of sweet, helpful smiles, and of music in the air. The next day he neglected the cars for the first time, and wandered over the bogs and fields, looking for—he hardly knew what—some flower he rather thought, but whiter and more fragrant than any he could find. The men at work on the railroad were surprised to see "half-witted Pepe" so silent and thoughtful. He picked up the rusty iron and helped to drive the spikes, and asked them if they had seen her, and if they knew where she was. But they only laughed and wondered what the poor, foolish boy was thinking of now. He sat down on the timbers and talked to himself. "She spoke me kind," he said, remembering the rude men.

Two years before, in front of the shoemaker's home, an Irish laborer was crushed by the remorseless iron wheels; being friendless he was buried beside the stone-wall in a meadow hard by. Here Perez was wont to repair, to lie down in the grass by the grave, and wonder how it would seem to be dead. He did not dread the event, he only thought of it with common curiosity; but now he had a dull perception of some meaning in life. His ear had caught a few chance notes of a sweet tune, and with an uncomprehended pain he listened for more.

He stood by the uneven mound and trembled as he thought of lying stiff and lifeless; and yet there was a hot perplexity in his imperfect mind which made him long for the moist earth and cool dew.

He mounted his pinnacle in the garden with a sad heart, for the long train of cars never brought him what he looked for. And instead of leaping fantastically, as he had been used to do, from one sleeper to another, and balancing his ill-shapen figure on the narrow rails, he walked up and down with slow, weary step, trying to recall a picture of fluttering beauty, and strange words of vanishing melody, all of which escaped him as he fancied he was about to make them his own.

One day while occupied in this elusive search he picked up from beside the track a white, stainless flower—a fresh half-opened lily with the porous stem still moist from its native pond.

Perez had only seen before the tainted swamp flowers, and this pure revelation of nature he at once connected with the memorable gleam of beauty which for a moment had lighted his way.

So he hid it in a little grotto which he built of stones, and each day laid around it the fairest blossoms that he could collect.

At this altar Perez worshiped. It was his one tangible hold upon the only angel—albeit she had folded wings—which ever crossed his path. His devotion knows no want; grasping firmly the single hint of Heaven which has fallen to his share, he sends upward a happy yet mournful incense of thanks and supplication.

And the messenger whose breath opened the soiled outer petals of Perez's life, revealing the rich, unsullied tints within, had looked for the last time into the reddish-brown eyes which answered hers with so strange a sympathy, and with so earnest an appeal. She was whirled away with the impatient crowd, that was glad to leave even in memory the scene of what had been to them only a misfortune. The blue ribbons of her hat floated sadly through the open window, and her gentle glance turned wistfully toward the morass, where the slanting rays of the sun made of the fog a crimson haze.

She had found in this out-of-the-way spot a groping soul to which she was the light—an outcast from worldly advantages, in whose sky there was but one beclouded star, but who faithfully followed its flickering ray.

All this she saw in Perez during the few hours which she spent by his side; for the isolated child knew no disguise. And while he cherished with pious constancy the lily which a careless hand had dropped, thinking it in some way a token of her kind love, or an emblem of her half-realized beauty and grace, she laid among her jewels the torn, faded flower from the swamp, and felt that it was to her the choicest treasure of them all.

For as through her Perez looked up and saw dimly a heaven above, she through him looked down into numberless toiling hearts, and saw in each one the eager grasp of some good. And when she considered the mist-shrouded land through which they often traveled, and measured their narrow vision by her own fullness of knowledge, she knelt, with her hands folded over the blossom which was culled in doubt and perplexity, and her calm, earnest prayer met poor Perez's half-uttered petition, and together they went up to Heaven. And, in the glory which shone from thence, she was the pure spirit of beauty which guided to an Infinite Beauty; and by her side shambling, uncouth, half-witted Pepe stood transfigured in the radiance—the being whose trustful entreaty had shown her Heaven's wide-open door.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

By a Married Woman.—"My opinion is, that if men were always straightforward in their ways and actions, there would be fewer 'tottering limbs' borne to our doors—especially at night—and no getting up shaky in the morning."

A Distinction and a Difference.—Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

A Friend in Need.—A Quaker out at elbows.

Something like a Farm.—A friend in South America writes to us that he is now spending a month with a farmer who owns a thousand miles of pasture, and a patch of corn larger than Scotland, while he has got so many cattle that he has to boil the fodder for them in a volcano.

"Roobal" Jest.—A farmer recently sent a mammoth carrot to a country fair, labeled "This can't be beat." The chairman of the committee on "garden sarce," who was a bit of a wag, sent it back to him, with a note stating that it could not be beet because it was a carrot.

The reason why policemen are never run over is, that they are *never in the way*.

Hand and Foot.—In the shop-window of a disciple of St. Crispin who is established in a suburban district there was lately displayed the following notification: "Very large Assortment of Gents' Patent Dress Boots always on Hand." A customer of the species called "rum" might be disposed to ask the profferer of these boots whether they do not every one fit like a glove.

The girls in Connecticut, who are remarkable for their industry, drink about a pint of yeast before going to bed at night, to make them *rise* early in the morning.

Chinese Reasoning.—The San Francisco *Bulletin*, in an account of the Chinese school in that city, says that at first the pupils could not be brought to pay any attention to geography. They said, "We believe the earth is level; but suppose it is round, what difference will it make to us? We won't make any more money whether it is round or square." This indifference as to whether they make money on the square or not shows a low state of morality among the Chinese.

The Best Place for a Hungry Sailor to Dine.—Off Cow(e)s.

A Capital Evasion.—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said, "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. ——, "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay. The *ruse* took, and the question was not pressed.

When is a carpenter like a circumstance?—When he alters cases.

Question for the Navy.—Can a vessel be said to have no live stock on board when her *helm's a wether?*

Boys are a good deal like Farina jelly. Just as you mould them they are likely to turn out.

A good place for patent hair dyes. Canada; the *hare* there is always gray.

The Height of Inhospitality.—Not to entertain your own opinions.

Why is the early grass like a penknife?—Because the *spring* brings out the *blades*.

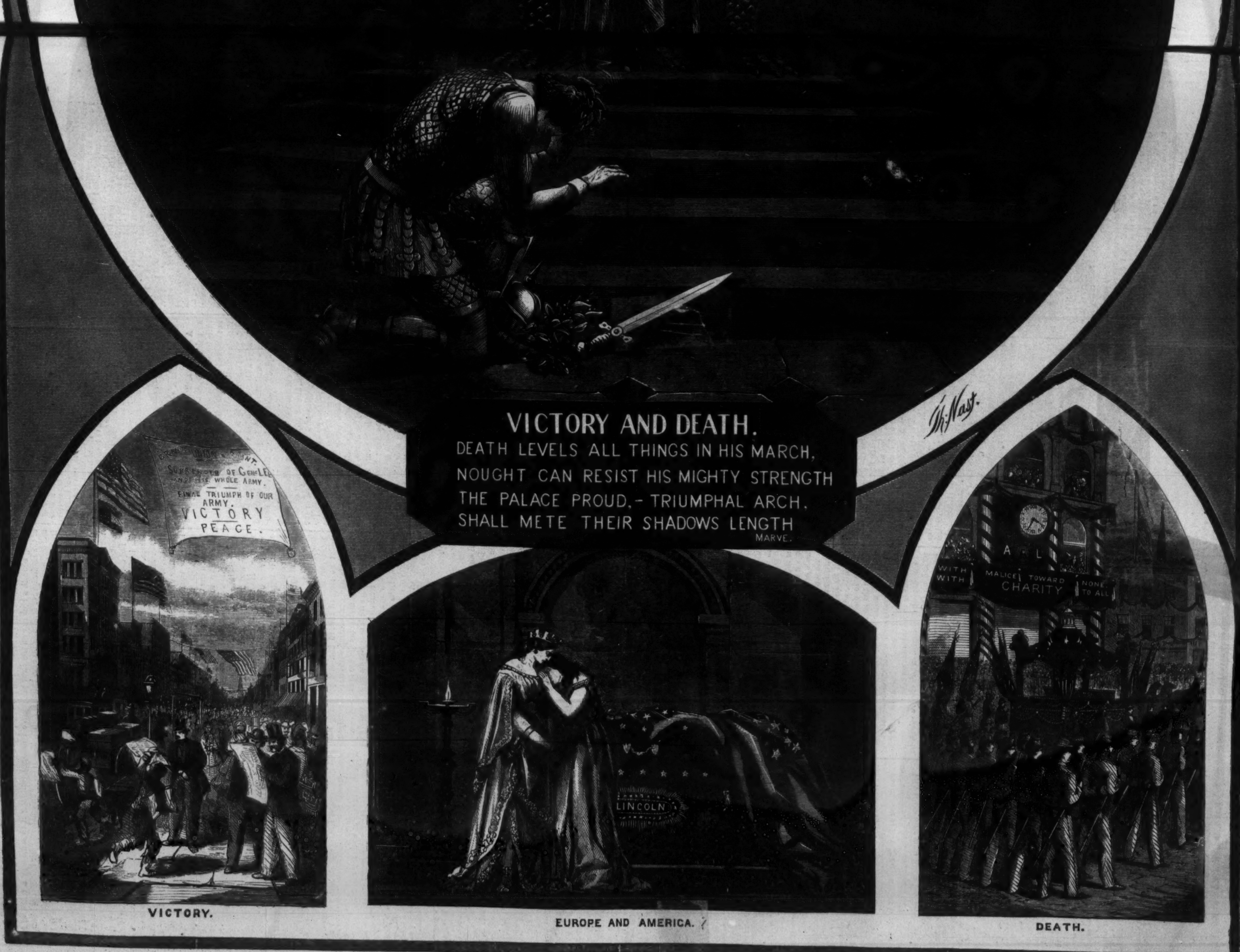
Quiet Editorial Visitors.—A country editor says: "We have in the editorial sanctum a class of night-time visitors who do not annoy us either by long calls or obstreperous conversation. We allude to bugs and grasshoppers. They crawl and hop over our table in the most social and lively manner imaginable. The former have an obstinate and amusing habit of rendering themselves helpless by getting on their backs and beating the air with their legs. Our grasshoppers are beautifully striped with green along their backs and legs, and seem bound to astonish us with their acrobatic leaps from the table to the wall, and then back again. Five of them, with elevated tentacles, sit staring at us as we write, and seem to regard it a very comfortable arrangement which permits them to spend their evenings in so cheerful a manner. The bugs, perhaps, are not less happy in their way. Even when they get on their backs they seem to entertain no suspicion that an unfair advantage will be taken of them. Sometimes we turn them over with our pen, as we have some big bugs heretofore, and as we may others hereafter. One of them adopts a laughable expedient to release himself from his customary dilemma by raising up a particle of wood, swaying it sideways; but we have to set him right with the pen after all. Bugs are not the only ones in the world who require this sort of assistance."

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert?—Because every watch has a *spring* in it.

A horrible bachelor asks us if ladies in corsets mean *staid* women.

When do you see what is invisible?—When you see how you feel.

Mrs. Partington is in New York. She went up from Boston as soon as she learned by telegraph that *gold was rapidly falling in Wall Street*, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the shower, is going back a disappointed woman.


GRANT. UNION. GRANT.
SURRENDER OF GEN. LEE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY.
FINAL TRIUMPH OF OUR ARMY.
VICTORY
PEACE.
LINCOLN
A L
WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE
WITH CHARITY TO ALL
Th. Nast.

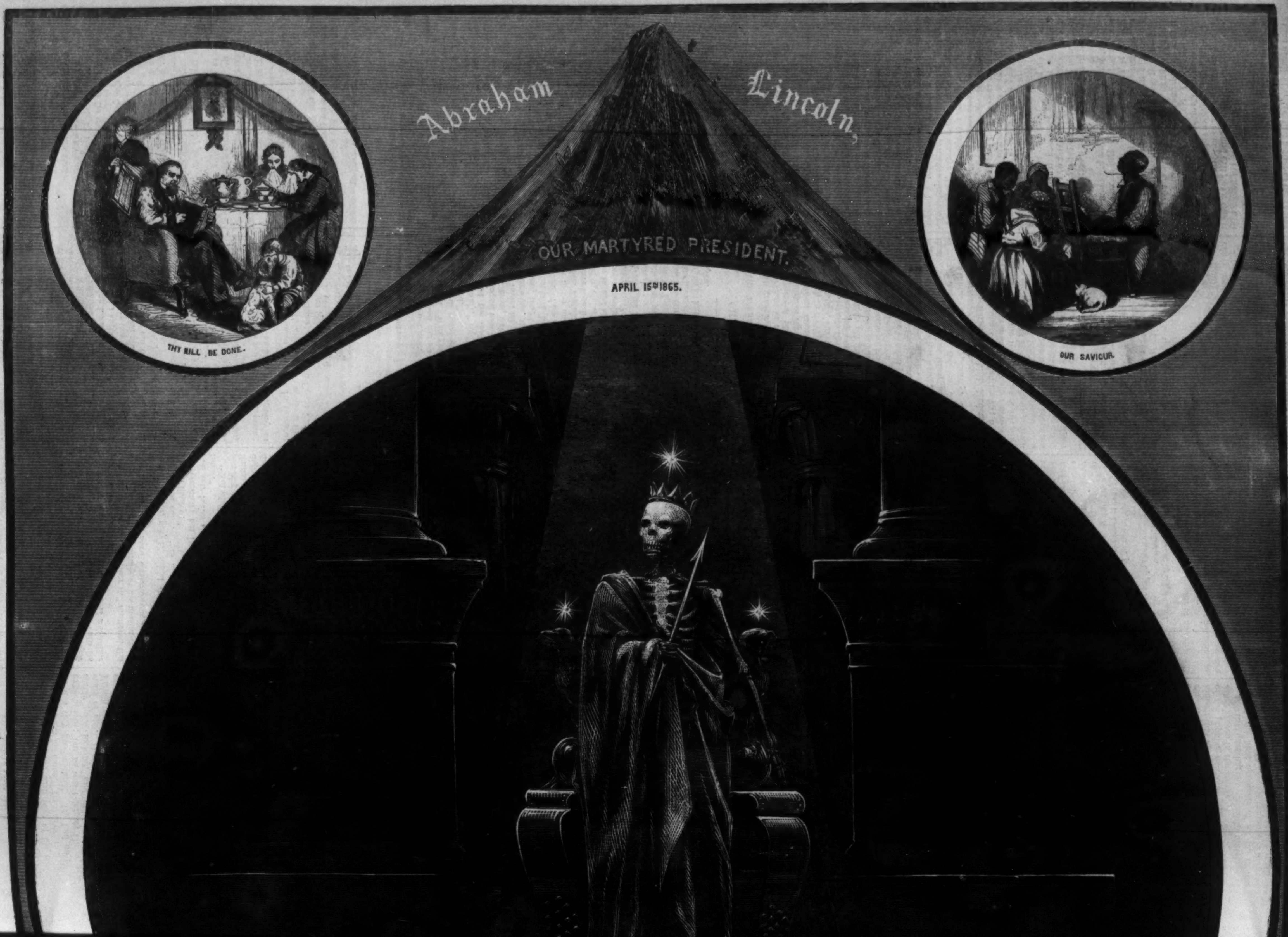
VICTORY AND DEATH.

DEATH LEVELS ALL THINGS IN HIS MARCH,
NOUGHT CAN RESIST HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH
THE PALACE PROUD,—TRIUMPHAL ARCH,
SHALL METE THEIR SHADOWS LENGTH
MARVE.

VICTORY.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

DEATH.


Abraham Lincoln,
OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.
APRIL 15th 1865.
THY WILL BE DONE.
OUR SAVIOUR.

THE VACANT PLACE.

There's a vacant place in the circle,
And an empty chair by the hearth
When the evening shadows gather
And the evening lamps are lit;
There's a vacant place in the circle
Which no longer rings with mirth,
And an empty chair by the fireside,
Where of old he used to sit.

Ah! sad was the day when he left us,
But sadder now to us all
Are these golden days of promise
As we gaze on his vacant place;
And sadder still when at twilight
The shadows begin to fall,
As we look at the one chair empty
And think of his kindly face.

He bade us remember his coming
When the good time should come round,
And never his voice once faltered,
For his heart was brave and true;
Then we heard the shrill fifes screaming,
And the loud drums' rattling sound,
And watched him pass with the column
In his suit of army blue.

Then quick came the news of a battle,
And our hearts with fear were stirred,
And the hope which had warmed my bosom
Grew all of a sudden stilled,
When at last one morn from a paper,
Where the words seemed strangely blurred,
I read the name of our hero
In a long, long list of killed.

He sleeps in the grave where they placed him
On the distant field of strife,
Where the ground is ridged with hillocks
Like the waves of a troubled sea;
And we at home, in our sorrows
Still mourn for a vanished life,
While the jubilant air is ringing
With the burden of victory.

Ah! sad was the day when he left us,
But sadder now to us all
Shine these golden days of promise
As we gaze on his vacant place;
But saddest of all is the twilight
When the shadows begin to fall,
And we look on the one chair empty
And think of his kindly face.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

UP AT THE CHURCH.

Three hours later Saxon was sitting alone before the organ in the little chapel on the hill. One hand supported his head, the other rested listlessly upon the keys. A tattered mass of Palestrina's lay open upon the music-desk; but Saxon's eyes were turned toward the door, and his thoughts were far away. He had been playing half an hour or an hour ago, and had fallen since then into a long and anxious train of thought. He had even forgotten the little fair-haired urchin who acted for him as blower, and who had fallen fast asleep in the sunshine that streamed through the south window at the back of the organ.

It was a plain, white-washed, brown-raftered little church, with a row of deal benches on each side of the aisle, and a pulpit to match. On a long board suspended from the roof just above the altar was painted, in gaudy characters of gold and scarlet, a German couplet signifying, "Where God is, there is liberty." The organ was of old dark oak, with ebony keys; and on the top stood a battered angel with a broken trumpet. It was a place of primitive simplicity, and no kind of architectural beauty. The beauty lay all without, among the Alps and pine forests that showed here and there through open doors and windows.

It was more than an hour past mid-day when Saxon Trefalden sat thus before the organ, and his cousin had not yet come to claim his company. His thoughts were busy, and his soul was disquieted within him. The uneasiness that he had felt on leaving those two to their solitary conference had now increased tenfold. Why was he excluded from it? And why should his uncle, who had never, as he believed, hidden a thought from him before, keep a secret from him now?

Then, what of this unknown kinsman, William Trefalden, of London? Did Saxon really like him? The question was a difficult one. He scarcely knew how to answer it, even to himself. He thought he liked his cousin. Nay, he felt sure—almost sure—that he liked him. Not, perhaps, quite so well to-day as yesterday. Was it that an indefinite sense of mistrust mingled with the liking? No, that was impossible. His generous nature revolted at the thought. Was it that William Trefalden's opinions were so new to him, and went so far to unsettle his own preconceived notions of good and evil? Or was it that he was himself somewhat out of humor with the world this morning—somewhat less contented than of old? The organ, to be sure, had sounded more wheezy and thin than ever today, and his own playing had seemed clumsier than usual. Besides, that matter of the twenty francs was hard to forget. Well, well, he certainly liked his cousin; and as for poverty, why he must put up with it, and make the best of it, as his father and uncle had done before him. Then with regard to Olimpia Colonna—pshaw! were she fair as Helen and patriotic as Camilla it would make no difference to him. Saxon flattered himself that he was invulnerable.

At this point of his meditations a shadow fell upon the threshold, and was followed by the substance of William Trefalden.

"I am ashamed, Saxon," said he, "to have kept you waiting for me so long. Your uncle is gone home, and I suppose it is too late to think of Chur to-day. Is this the organ?"

Saxon bent his head affirmatively.

"So! a lumbering old box of pipes, only fit for firewood? What say you? will you present the parish with a new one?"

"I hope the parish will not have to wait till I do so," replied Saxon, with a faint smile.

"But I am serious. Will you order one from Geneva, or have it brought all the way from Paris?"

"Cousin William, what *do* you mean?" faltered Saxon, his hears beginning to beat faster, he knew not why.

Mr. Trefalden laid his two hands on the young man's shoulders, and, looking him steadily in the face, replied:

"This is what I mean, Saxon. In three or four weeks' time you will be a rich man—a very rich man—ten times richer than Count Planta or any nobleman here."

"I—rich—richer than—I do not understand you!" said Saxon, brokenly.

"It is the absolute truth."

"But my uncle—"

"He knows it. He has known it since before you were born. He has desired me to tell you all the story of your inheritance."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead and turned his face away.

"Not just yet—not here," he said, in an agitated voice. "I—I am so taken by surprise—almost terrified. Will you leave me for a few minutes? I will come out to you presently in the church-yard."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Trefalden, and turned toward the door. Saxon sprang after him, and grasped him by the arm.

"One moment, exclaimed he, pointing to a little stone tablet let into the church wall about half-way between the organ and the porch. Did *he* know, too?"

The tablet bore the name of Saxon Trefalden, and the date of his death.

"Your father and your uncle both knew it," replied Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "This fortune would have been his now, instead of yours, if he had lived to claim it."

Saxon turned away with a deep sob, and his cousin went out into the sunshine.

Left alone in the little silent church, the young man covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"God help me!" murmured he. "What shall I do? I am so young, so ignorant, so unfit to bear this burden. God help me, and guide me to use these riches rightly!"

And then he knelt down beside the little organ and prayed.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE TERRACE AT CASTLETOWERS.

A broad graveled terrace lying due east and west, with vases of massive terra cotta full of glossy evergreens placed at regular intervals along the verge of the broad parapet. A mighty old Elizabethan mansion of warm red brick, standing back in a deep angle of shade, with all its topmost gables, carved scutcheons, and gilded vanes glittering to the morning sun. A foreground of undulating park traversed by a noisy rivulet, and rich in old gnarled oaks planted at the time of the Restoration. A distance of blue hills and purple common, relieved here and there by stretches of fir plantation jutting out into the hazy heath-land, like wooded promontories sloping to the sea. On the terrace a peacock with all his gorgeous plumage displayed; a lady feeding him from her own white hand; and two gentlemen standing by. The time, the second day of April, balmy, sunny, redolent of the violet and the thorn. The county, Surrey. The place, Castletowers.

"How you flatter that bird, Mademoiselle Colonna!" said one of the gentlemen; a tall, soldierly man, with a deep sabre-scar across his left temple, and some few gray hairs silvering his thick mustache and beard. "His disposition was always a perfect balance between vanity and ill-nature; but since your advent the brute has become more insufferable than ever. Take care! I never see your hand so near his beak without a shudder."

"Fear not on my account, Major Vaughan," replied the lady; "and pray do not be unjust to Sardanapalus. He is quite an altered bird; and as gentle as a dove—with me."

"You do well to add that clause, my dear lady; for we can all bear witness to the way in which his majesty 'takes it out' in viciousness when you are not by. He flew at Gulnare not an hour ago, down by the five oaks yonder; and I believe if I had not chanced to be within hail, and if the mare were not the most self-possessed beast in creation, there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death between them."

"Really? You make me prouder than ever of my conquest."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he; "what is one bar on the medal, more or less, to the hero of a hundred fields?"

"Major Vaughan, you are complimentary."

"Vaughan's pretty speeches always smell of powder," laughed the younger gentleman, who was leaning against the parapet close by.

"Bah! que veux-tu, mon cher? A man can no more shake off the associations of twenty years than he can shake off the bronze from his skin.

> "'You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> The scent of the barrack will hang round it still!'"

Mademoiselle Colonna looked up quickly, still feeding the peacock from her open palm.

"I like your compliment the better, Major Vaughan, for what Lord Castletowers calls its smell of powder," said she. "It is a familiar perfume to me, remember."

"I don't like to remember it," muttered the soldier, pulling thoughtfully at his mustache.

"Nor I," said Lord Castletowers, in a low voice.

"Why not, pray?" asked the lady, with a heightened color. "Is it not the incense of Italian liberty?"

"Granted; but it is an incense so powerful that fair ladies do well to smell it from a distance."

"Not when they can be of service in the temple, Major Vaughan," replied Mademoiselle Colonna, with one of her proud smiles. "But, digressions apart, do you really tell me that Sardanapalus attacked Gulnare without any kind of provocation?"

"I do, indeed."

"It is strange that he should be so savage!"

"It is still more strange that he should be so docile! I believe, Mademoiselle Colonna, that you are in possession of some taming secret known only to yourself."

"Perhaps I am. May I be allowed to cite you as a specimen of my success?"

Major Vaughan bowed almost to the ground.

"Oh, daughter of the sun and moon," said he, "the head of thy slave is at thy disposal!"

Startled either by the Major's profound salam, or by the sudden pealing of the breakfast bell, Sardanapalus threw up his head and uttered an angry scream. Mademoiselle Colonna withdrew her hand quickly, and flung away the remainder of the cake with which she had been feeding him. Lord Castletowers saw the gesture and sprang to her side.

"The brute has not bitten you?" he said, anxiously.

She had already wrapped her handkerchief round her hand, and was moving slowly toward the house, as if nothing had happened; but there was a scarcely perceptible quiver in the smile with which she replied,

"Very slightly, thank you. Don't be angry with the poor bird. He meant no harm."

"Meant!" echoed the young man, fiercely. "I'll teach him to know what he means in future. Will you permit me to see the extent of the mischief?"

"Nay, it is nothing—a mere peck."

Lord Castletowers uttered an exclamation of dismay as he stooped to take something from the ground. It was a little fragment of cake all crimson dyed.

"It is no 'peck' that has done this!" he exclaimed. "For pity's sake, Olim—Mademoiselle, allow me to see your hand!"

"Indeed it is not serious; but lest you should fancy it worse than it is—there!"

The blush with which she began faded quite away as she concluded, and left her somewhat paler than usual. She averted her eyes. She could bear the pain bravely enough, but not the sight.

"What is the matter?" said Major Vaughan, who had turned away on making his salam, and seen nothing of the accident.

"That carrion bird has bitten Mademoiselle Colonna," replied Lord Castletowers, with unconcealed agitation. "Bitten her severely. See this!"

The pretty little delicate palm was half laid open, but the slender fingers did not even tremble. Major Vaughan examined the wound with the keen glance of one accustomed to such matters.

"Humph! an ugly gash!" said he; "but not so bad as a bayonet thrust after all. If you will accompany me indoors, mademoiselle, I will dress it for you in first-rate style. You do not know what a capital surgeon I am. Here, Castletowers—something to tie up the young lady's hand in the mean while!"

Lord Castletowers gave his own handkerchief, and, turning aside, hastily thrust Mademoiselle Colonna's into his breast-pocket. Her eyes were still averted; but a dark shadow came upon Major Vaughan's face.

"A thousand thanks," said she, smilingly, when the bandage was adjusted.

"You must not thank me till it is properly dressed, mademoiselle," replied he, offering her his arm. "And now, if you please, we will find our way to the housekeeper's room and procure all that is necessary; while you, my dear fellow, had better go and explain the cause of this delay to Lady Castletowers. I know she does not like to wait for breakfast."

"True, it is one of my mother's peculiarities. I will do the work of propitiation. As for Sardanapalus—"

"Sardanapalus must be pardoned," interposed Mademoiselle Colonna.

Lord Castletowers shook his head.

"Nay, I entreat."

But she entreated with the air of an empress.

The young man lifted his hat.

"The prisoner at the bar was condemned to death," said he, courteously; "but since the queen chooses to exercise her prerogative, the court commutes his sentence to solitary confinement for life in the great aviary at the end of the Italian garden."

At this moment the breakfast bell sent forth a second clamorous peal; the imperial convict uttered another dissonant cry, and sailed across the terrace in all his panoply of plumage; and the trio went up to the house.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOUSE OF CASTLETOWERS.

Gervase Leopold Wynneclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, was the fifth peer of his house, and the last of his name. He was not rich; but he was very good-natured. He had no great expectations; but he was tolerably clever, tolerably good-looking, and only twenty-seven years of age. His principles were sound; his French accent was perfect; he had made one successful speech in the House, and he was unmarried. With all these qualifications, and his five feet eleven inches to boot, it is not surprising that Lord Castletowers, despite his very limited means, should have found himself, during several seasons, the object of a fair amount of maternal manœuvring. That he was not yet given over to the spoilers was owing to no wisdom of his own, and to no absence of that susceptibility which flesh (especially flesh under thirty years of age) is heir to. On the contrary, he had been smitten, as the phrase goes, twice or thrice; but on each of these occasions his destiny, and, perhaps, his lady mother, had interposed to save him.

The young Earl adored his mother. She was still beautiful; slender, pale, stately, and somewhat above the average height of women. In complexion and feature she resembled the later portraits of Marie Antoinette; but it was a likeness of outline and coloring only. The expression was totally different—so different that it appeared sometimes to obliterate the resemblance altogether. The sorrow, the sweetness, the womanly tenderness of that poor royal face were all missing from the serene countenance of Alethea, Countess of Castletowers. She looked as if she had never known a strong emotion in her life; as if love and hate, anguish and terror, would have glanced off from her like arrows from a marble statue. Proud as they both were, the very pride of these two faces had nothing in common. That of the queen was passionate, upon the lip; that of the countess shone coldly from the eye. Pride was, indeed, the dominant principle of her being—the pivot upon which her every thought, word, and action turned. She had been a great heiress. She was the daughter, wife, and mother of an Earl. She was of the ancient line of Holme-Pierpoint; and the blood of the Holme-Pierpoints had mingled once with that of the Plantagenets, and twice with that of the Tudors. The Countess of Castletowers never forgot these things for a moment. It is doubtful if they were even absent from her dreams. Her dignity, her grace, her suavity of manner were perfect; but they were all based upon her pride, like that royal bower of which the poet dreamed:

> A sunny pleasure-dome, with caves of ice.

Lady Castletowers had not loved her husband; but she loved her son as much as it was in her nature to love any thing. The husband had squandered her dower; insulted her by open neglect; and died abroad, overwhelmed with debt and discredit, within the fifth year of their marriage. The son had reverenced, admired, idolized her from his cradle. He had never given her cause for one moment's anxiety since the day of his birth. As a little child, he thought her the most noble and gracious of God's creatures—as he grew in years, his faith in her remained undiminished, and his love became that beautiful love which mingles the chivalrous respect of the man with the tender homage of the son. It was not, therefore, surprising that whatever waif of human weakness had fallen to her ladyship's portion should have been garnered up for this one object. While he was yet very young her affection for him was, as it were, invested at compound interest, and left to accumulate till he should become of an age to deserve it; but as he arrived at manhood his life became identified with her own. All her pride and ambition centred in him. He must marry well—that is to say, richly and nobly. He must make a position in the Upper House. He must some day be a cabinet minister; and he must get that step in the peerage which the Duke of York had once solicited for his father, but which George the Fourth had refused to ratify. Lady Castletowers had set her heart on obtaining these things for her son, but above all else had she set her heart upon the last. She would have sold ten years of her own life to see the marquis's coronet upon his carriage panels. When the clergyman in church put up that prayer toward the end of the morning service which implores fulfillment of the desires and petitions of the congregation, "as may be most expedient for them," Lady Castletowers invariably reverted in the silence of her thoughts to the four pearls and the four strawberry leaves; and never asked herself if there could be profanity in the prayer.

In the mean while the young Earl accepted all this pride and ambition for the purest maternal affection. He did not care in the least about the marquisate; he was somewhat indifferent to the attractions of the Upper House; and he had almost made up his mind that he would not, if he could, be burdened with the toils and responsibilities of office. But he would not have grieved his mother by a hint of these heresies for the universe. He even blamed himself for his own want of ambition, and soothed his troubled conscience every now and then by promising himself that he would very soon "read up" one of the popular financial topics, and make another speech in the House.

But that question of the wealthy marriage was to him the least agreeable of all his mother's projects. There was some romance in the young man's disposition, and he could not relish the thought of adding to his own scanty acres by means of his wife's dower. He would have preferred to marry a village maiden for love, like the Lord of Burleigh; or, at least, to have felt that he was free to love like the Lord of Burleigh, if he chose.

It was in somewhat of this same spirit of romance that Lord Castletowers had associated himself with the Italian cause. He had, or fancied that he had, a democratic bias. He was fond of quoting the examples of the classic republics; he had read Rousseau's Contrat Social, and Godwin's Political Justice; and he had a genuine English hatred of oppression, whatever its form or aspect. Surrounded as he had been since the hour of his birth by a triple rampart of conservatism, it is possible that democracy possessed for this young nobleman somewhat of the stimulative charm of a forbidden luxury. He certainly never confided the full extent of his republican sympathies to his lady mother, and he would have been far from grateful to any officious friend who had presented her with a verbatim report of certain of his most enthusiastic speeches. Those speeches were delivered at meetings held in obscure lecture-halls and institutes in unaristocratic parts of London, and were remarkably good speeches of their kind—vigorously thought, and often felicitously expressed; but their eloquence, nevertheless, was by no means calculated to gratify the Countess of Castletowers.

On all questions of English polity Lord Castletowers was what is somewhat vaguely called a "liberal conservative;" on all Italian subjects, a thorough-going bonnet rouge. He would no more have advocated universal suffrage in his own country than he would have countenanced slavery in Venetia; but he firmly believed in the possible regeneration of the great Roman republic, and avowed that belief with unhesitating enthusiasm. Besides, his old college tastes and associations were yet fresh upon him, and he entertained all a young man's admiration for the Latin heroes, poets, and historians. Nor were his sympathies all so classical and remote. He was keenly susceptible to those influences which beset the traveled amateur of books and art. He had loitered, sketched, and dreamed away more than one winter among the palaces of Florence and Rome. He had read Petrarch, and Tasso, and the most amusing parts of Dante. He had been in love, though never, perhaps, very deeply, with scores of dark-eyed Giuliettas and Biancas. He had written canzonets in which *amore* rhymed to *core* in the orthodox fashion, and had sung them by moonlight under picturesque balconies, over and over again, in many a stately old Italian city. Above all, he had known Giulio Colonna from his earliest boyhood, and had been, as it were, inoculated with Italian patriotism ere he knew what patriotism meant. Accustomed to regard Signor Colonna not only as some kind of distant cousin, but also as one of his mother's most frequent guests, he had accepted all his opinions with the unquestioning faith of childhood. He had, indeed, listened to the magic of his eloquence long before he was of an age to understand its force and purport, and had become insensibly educated in the love and reverence of those things which were to Giulio Colonna as the life of his life. It was, therefore, no wonder that the young Earl proved, as he grew to man's estate, a stanch friend to the Italian cause. It was no wonder that he made enthusiastic speeches at obscure meetings, transacted a vast amount of really hard work in his capacity of Honorary Secretary to the Central Committee, and believed in Giulio Colonna and the great Italian republic of the future with all his heart and soul.

There was, in reality, no blood relationship whatever between the Castletowers family and this branch of the Colonnas. A Miss Holme-Pierpoint had married a Prince Colonna some twenty-five or thirty years before; but she was long since dead, and had left no children. A pleasant intercourse had subsisted, however, between the two families ever since. The Colonnas, down to the third and fourth generation, were royally welcomed at the grand old Surrey mansion whenever any of them came to England; Lady Castletowers and her son had once spent six delightful weeks of villegiatura at Prince Colonna's Alban Villa; and when the young Earl was in Rome he had been the very life and soul of all the winter entertainments given at that stately palazzo which stands in the Corso at the corner of the Piazza di Santissimi Apostoli. As for Giulio Colonna, he had been l'intime du maison ever since the Honorable Alethea Pierpoint had exchanged her name for that of Castletowers—just as he had been l'intime du maison at the house of her ladyship's father. He was one of the very few whom the countess really valued, and whom she condescended to call by the sacred name of friend. Perhaps he was the only person upon earth who could be said to enjoy her ladyship's confidence. It was to him that she had turned for help in her matrimonial troubles; for advice respecting the education of her son; for sympathy when any of her ambitious projects failed of success. She had known him, indeed, from her girlhood. She admired his great and varied talents. She had perfect reliance on his probity and honor; and she respected his nobility of birth. To a certain extent she respected his patriotic devotion as well; though, it is almost needless to add, she was wholly at issue with him on the subject of republicanism.

"It is a point," she used to observe, "upon which my good friend, Signor Colonna, is deaf, I grieve to say, alike to reason and good taste. He has so imbued himself with the classical history of his country that he can no longer discriminate between the necessities of a semi-barbarous race and those of a highly-civilized people. He can not see that the monarchical form of government is precisely that which the age demands. I am very sorry for him. I have represented the matter to him over and over again from every conceivable point of view, but with unvarying ill-success. I am weary of trying to convince a man who shuts his ears to conviction."

And when she had said this, or words to this effect, Lady Castletowers would sigh, and drop the subject with the air of one who had exhausted it utterly.

JANET.

"What ails thee, daughter Janet,
That your cheeks so full of woe?
When at morn you went to market,
Your face was all aglow;
Your lips were red as cherries,
Your eye was bright and clear.
What ails thee, daughter Janet?
Come, tell your mother dear."

"Oh! I took my eggs to market,
And I sold them at the fair,
When who but Rob the Miller
Should I see standing there;
He took me up behind him,
And the maids did flout and jeer,
Is it thus I'm to be laughed at?
Is it right, say, mother dear?"

"Don't be foolish, daughter Janet,
You are old enough to tell,
Many take their eggs to market
Who have more than eggs to sell;
The Miller has a house and land,
From rent and tithe all clear,
And you'll always ride to market,
If he weds you, daughter dear."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

First Enjoyments.—Repetition is the thief of enjoyment as surely as procrastination is the thief of time. It is with pleasures as with sparkling wines. You can have the flashing globules, the rushing foam, the rare *bouquet*, but once. Cork up your wine for after use, and the next draught from the bottle shall be comparatively flat and tasteless. Take a second sip at any joy the earth affords, and you will find it less exhilarating than the first. Novelty is the spice of life. No secondary sensations are like the primaries, and habit, in the end, stales every luxury. Middle-aged reader, do you remember the pride with which you wore your first watch? It may have been a cheap affair, always at odds with Chronos, and the golden horologe that now ticks sonorously in your vest-pocket may be a patent lever, richly jeweled. But what a contrast between the indifference with which you draw forth the costly watch of your maturity, and the subdued exultation with which, a dozen times an hour, you paraded the valueless trinket of your hobbledehoyhood! Probably your first love and your first watch were contemporary—they generally are. Have you forgotten the twelve-year-old coquette for whose sake you foreswore solid food, and moped disconsolate in solitary places, and coveted unattainable personal adornments, and longed to be twenty-one? Do you not recall the thrilling moment when she graciously permitted you to snip off one of her curls for a keepsake? Of course you do. A dozen tides of passion may have surged through your heart since then, but they have not washed away the memory of your "calf love." The affection of your vealhood is a sweet and cherished reminiscence that will be likely enough to outlive the fiercer *souvenirs* of your beefhood. Mother of many sons and daughters, can you say conscientiously that you welcomed any other of the series as rapturously as number one? True, you may love them all dearly, but did not the first baby bring the love with it which you have since divided among them all; or, rather, did it not set aflowing that fountain of tenderness within you which has ever since responded with a new gush to every new claim? What are all the "vanities" of later life compared with those of our earlier years? Does the veteran feel as proud of his heavy mustache as the boy-man did of its rudiments? Is any after-affluence of crinoline equal to the first hoop-skirt, scanty though it be? Is any garment of manhood capable of creating the same sensations in the wearer as the first coat that superseded the jacket? Does not the youthful author experience more delight in seeing his initial work in print than the veteran *littérateur* from the issue of his twentieth volume? Life has many pleasures that will bear repetition without becoming hackneyed, but the firstlings of the flock are always the sweetest.

The Effect of Diet.—Dieting is usually considered to mean the same thing as a kind of starvation. The idea which the educated physician attaches to the term is a judicious regulation of the quantity and quality of the food, according to the circumstances of each case. A healthy man may diet himself in order to keep well; an invalid may diet with a view to the recovery of his health; yet the things eaten by the two will widely differ in their nature, bulk, and mode of preparation. A vast multitude are suffering hourly by the horrors of dyspepsia; no two are precisely alike in all points, since there is an endless variety of combinations as to age, sex, occupation, temperament, etc. Yet dyspepsia is always brought on by over and irregular eating; it could be banished from the world in a generation if the children were educated to eat moderately, regularly, and slowly; the parents who do this will do their offspring a higher good than by leaving them large fortunes, which, in three cases out of four, foster idleness, gluttony, and every evil thing. As the rich can get any thing to eat or drink whenever they want it they, with indulged children, bring on dyspepsia by eating irregularly and without an appetite. The poor—those who have to work for a living—induce the horrible disease by eating too rapidly and at unseasonable hours; mainly by eating heartily at supper, and going to bed within an hour or two afterward. In the heyday of youth and manly vigor there may not for a while be noticed any special ill effect from such a practice—in truth, it is at first inappreciable, but it is cumulative, and impossible not to manifest itself in due time.

Too Clever by Half.—A Russian soldier recently, while enjoying himself at a rustic ball in one of the Polish villages, boasted that he could put a bullet through a man's hat at one hundred paces without touching his head. A peasant accepted the wager, but, in order to foil the marksman, squeezed his hat so low down over his eyes that the ball went through hat and head both, and left him a corpse on the ground. The soldier was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for homicide by imprudence, but he appealed against his sentence, alleging that the fault lay with the peasant, and offering at the same time to repeat the experiment with the judge, providing the latter did not "bonnet" himself so completely. *Le Moniteur de l'Armée*, from which we extract the story, does not inform us whether the learned functionary accepted the soldier's very liberal offer.

Pie Worship.—Pie worship is prevalent all over the North; you have Pie morning, noon, and night every day, and all the year round. There is nothing open and above board in Pie. It can be eaten stealthily and in secret. A slice off a cut Pie is never missed. We have heard of young ladies who took Pie to bed with them. The "Confessions of a Pie-Eater" have just been published. They are heart-rending. Through an unconquerable hunger for Pie, the wretched man who is their subject often incurred in infancy the penal visitation of hickory, and brought the hairs of an aged grandmother with sorrow to the grave. He wasted in gormandizing Pie those precious hours which should have been devoted to study: and in the end, not only failed to graduate at West Point, but even to marry a niece of the late Daniel Webster. Pie darkened his mind, stupefied his faculties, paralyzed his energy. Pie forced him to abandon a lucrative and honorable career for an unsuccessful whaling voyage from Cape Cod. Pie drove him into exile. Deadened to all the finer moral feelings by this ungovernable lust for Pie, he obtained, under false and fraudulent pretenses, a through ticket for California by the Vanderbilt line; but, detected in "smouching a tom-cod" from the altar of the Chinese table in San Francisco, he was disgracefully expelled the Golden State. It was for purloining Pie—a digger's noontide lunch—that he was subsequently expelled the Territory of Arizona. Beggared, broken in health, he deserted his wife and family, drew checks upon wild-cat banks, and voted on the Bell and Everett ticket—all in consequence of Pie. At length, after a course of "shinning round the free lunches" in quest of eleemosynary Pie, and wolfing the hideous meal with Dead Rabbits, Plug-Uglies, and other unscrupulous politicians, he was arrested in Philadelphia for passing bogus notes on the Hide and Leather Bank, and was sent to State Prison for ten years. All owing to Pie.

A Christmas Pie of the Olden Time.—James, Earl of Lonsdale, sent a Christmas pie to King George III., which contained 9 geese, 2 tame ducks, 2 turkeys, 4 fowls, 6 pigeons, 6 wild ducks, 3 teals, 2 starlings, 12 partridges, 15 woodcocks, 2 Guinea fowls, 3 snipes, 6 plovers, 3 water-hens, 1 wild goose, 1 curlew, 46 yellow-hammers, 15 sparrows, 15 chaffinches, 2 larks, 4 thrushes, 12 fieldfares, 6 blackbirds, 20 rabbits, 1 leg of veal, half a ham, 3 bushels of flour, and 2 stones of butter. It weighed 22 stones, was carried to London in a two-horse wagon, and if not as dainty as the celebrated pie containing four-and-twenty blackbirds, which, when the pie was opened, began to sing, it was, at all events, a "dish to set before a king."

Fines for Drinking.—It has become a sort of popular, almost national faith, that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes—and they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the beginning and end of every thing. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night at a bar, or sat half the night in a club-room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been any thing like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or a newspaper. The evil influence of riotous tavern pleasures upon the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put the truth out of sight. No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach, and headache. I should like to ask you, Sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that state? No; you don't. You *are* ashamed to say them. You postpone them until you have purged yourself—your mind and your lips—by more sober and rational behavior. Next night, when you pass the hours quietly at home with a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, that the time has passed pleasantly, that you have learned something, and that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, and an increased faculty for work and the enjoyment of life.

The Foundling Cylinder at Rome.—The ease with which a woman in Rome can disemburden herself of the cares and duties of maternity is very great. Without the walls of the Foundling Hospital is an apparatus consisting of a cylinder similar to a small barrel, made to revolve on its longest axis. Above, in large characters, is the word "Rota." A half revolution of the cylinder rings a bell and brings to view a crib occupying the interior lined with a mattress, which is foul and most repulsive looking. On this the unhappy infant is placed, and another turn of the cylinder consigns it to unmotherly humanity. A terrible thought is this, and we can not envy the feelings of a woman who parts thus with her offspring. The finest part of womanly nature must be, in her case, buried beneath a strong incrustation of insensibility. Sad, most sad, to think how the poor little innocent creatures are cast on the world as nothing worth. It is difficult to think that any thing so precious as a germ of immortality is thus treated, and that the link which love and passion creates between man and woman should ever have such a termination.

The Toilet of a Roman Lady.—This is a subject on which very little has been written, and none but those who are least interested in the subject—viz., the *literati*—can dive into the secrets of an antique toilet-table. Our fair readers may, however, increase their classic lore in this respect by perusing Dr. Constantin James's "Toilette d'une Romaine au temps d'Auguste et Cosmétiques d'une Parisienne," a small volume, in which the author, in a pleasing and popular style, draws a parallel between the old and modern toilet of the fashionable world. We have not space to describe all the odd recipes with which a Roman lady would enhance her charms or ward off the cruel blows of inexorable time. We can not describe how she intrusted her tender toes to the care of a *pedicure*, nor how a naughty white hair was picked out by the *epileuse* of the day, whose duty moreover it was to pumice off the hairs of the legs and pull out that of the arm-pits, which were easily visible in those days; but we may say something of the teeth, and tell our readers that in those days false masticators were quite as much in vogue as now. There was a certain Cascellis, who was celebrated for either pulling out or curing decayed teeth, at the choice of the owner; he could plug them with gold, just as our dentists do now. Others made false teeth, which they often fixed with a certain adhesive substance; they made them with bone or ivory, and when the patient was rich would fix them with gold hooks. What were these but our famous *osanóres*? They were equally clever in making whole sets of teeth, which could be put in and taken out at will, "just," as Martial tells us, "as you would take off your silk gown." Philocombe preparations were in great request for the hair, and no wonder, among a people that considered baldness a shame. Bear's grease was highly prized, and its reputation has come down to our days. That the Roman hairdressers had capital hair-dye is certain; for Martial tells us that "a woman will in an instant become a raven, though she was a swan before." But their dye was apt to soil the head; for the same poet tells an old beau that rather than dye his hair he had better take a sponge. False hair was in request, and was chiefly procured from German slaves. Wigs were not unknown; for Domitian, who was bald, is represented with one; and Messalina would cover her black hair with yellow tresses. Hair was worn in divers fashions. Ovid tells us that a long face looks most becoming with the hair separated right and left; that some ladies let their hair fall in ringlets on their shoulders; others tie them up after the fashion of Diana, and others wear them in a net! Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

Queer Customs.—Who could believe that there was one single tribe, however silly in other respects, which should carry its silliness so far as to demand that, on the birth of a child, the father should take to his bed, while the mother attends to all the duties of the household? Yet there are few customs more widely spread than this, and better attested by historical evidence during nearly 2000 years. The following account is given by Du Tertre of the Carib Couvade, in the West Indies: "When a child is born the mother goes presently to her work, but the father begins to complain, and takes to his hammock, and there he is visited as though he were sick, and undergoes a course of dieting which would cure of the gout the most replete of Frenchmen. How they can fast so much, and not die of it (continues the narrator), is amazing to me. When the forty days are up, they invite their relatives, who, being arrived, before they set to eating, hack the skin of this poor wretch with agouti teeth and draw blood from all parts of his body, in such sort that, from being sick by pure imagination, they often make a real patient of him. This is, however, so to speak, only the fish, for now comes the sauce they prepare for him; they take sixty or eighty large grains of pimento, or Indian pepper, the strongest they can get, and, after well washing it in water, they wash with this peppery infusion the wounds and scars of the poor fellow, who, I believe, suffers no less than if he were burnt alive; however, he must not utter a single word if he will not pass for a coward and a wretch. This ceremony ended they bring him back to his bed, where he remains some days more, and the rest go and make good cheer in the house at his expense. Nor is this all, for through the space of six whole months he eats neither birds nor fish, firmly believing that this would injure the child's stomach, and that it would participate in the natural faults of the animals on which its father had fed; for example, if the father ate turtle—poor alderman!—the child would be deaf, and have no brains, like this animal." The Jesuit missionary Dobrishofer gives an account of a similar practice among the Abipones, in South America.

Luxury in feeding rests upon the vulgar idea that a good dinner must cost a great deal of money. The height of human felicity with some people is to drink Champagne. Why have they so high an opinion of that particular wine? Because it costs more money than any other, and is supposed to be an aristocratic beverage. But what is the enjoyment of these pampered feeders to that of the hungry farm-hand who sits down by the way-side to thumb a hunch of bread and cheese, or cold meat? The active vigor of that man's appetite is superior to all the sauces in the world.

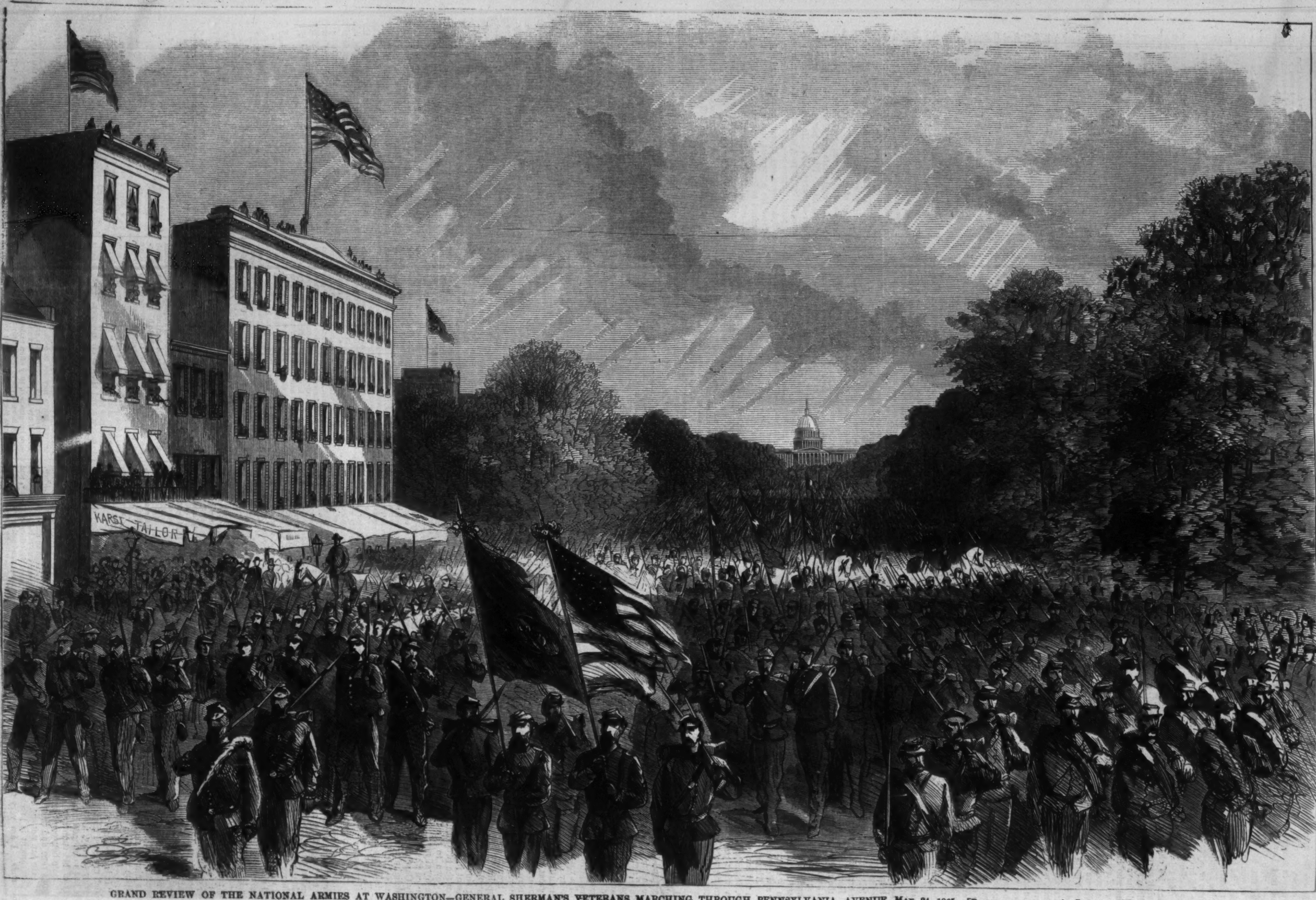
DAVIS IN PRISON.

In the person of Jefferson Davis the Government has an important state prisoner. For four years this man has been the central figure in the most gigantic drama of rebellion that has ever been played upon this earth of ours. In the prelude also of that drama he played a part so prominent that, when the moment came for the overt act, it was deemed by his peers in treason that no one could be so fitly chosen as he to be the leader of the revolution and its representative before the world. The power thus committed into his hands was not inconsiderable—the time is not long past when the apprehensions of many made it seem a power almost irresistible. How recently did he fulminate against our Government thunder-bolts which, though they brought not the ruin they menaced, yet had lurking in them the cause of storms that should prove almost fatal to the republic—storms breathing countless murders, and leaving behind them a terrible waste. This man wielded a power for evil which, while it endured, was almost despotic. He made the most of that power. He tested to the utmost the resources of eleven great States. He conscripted and brought into the field nearly a million of fighting men. His set purpose was to break the power of the republic. He failed, not from any relaxing of that purpose, not from lack of shrewdness, but partly because he was not quite despotic enough to make the wrong appear the right, and chiefly because his antagonist was a Government as determined to live as he was sworn to kill it. He held out till the last, inflexible in purpose. Even after all hope of final success had passed, and when war could no longer serve his original design, he still incited his followers to bloodshed. After his capital had been taken, he still called upon those whom he had ruined to evince that pride which is the characteristic of Southern chivalry, by engaging in further acts of war which were as wanton as they were useless. His ruin came suddenly upon him. One day he was the ruler exercising authority over millions—the next he was a fugitive whom no one dared to harbor. From that moment his dignity seems to have left him together with his authority. It is related in history that when the Prince of Orange had triumphed in England, and his father-in-law, James the Second, was trying to escape from the country, the latter was so broken down by his misfortunes as to be completely unnerved. Having been caught and placed in duress, he would one moment haughtily address the rustics who had him in charge, and the next would resort to supplication. "Let me go!" he cried; "get me a boat. The Prince of Orange is hunting for my life. If you do not let me fly now it will be too late. My blood will be upon your heads. He that is not with me is against me." On this last text, says Macaulay, he preached a sermon half an hour long. The circumstances of Davis's capture show a greater degree of pusillanimity and cowardice. He was taken disguised in a woman's hood and cloak, so desperate were his fears. Afterward he recovered somewhat of his former boldness.

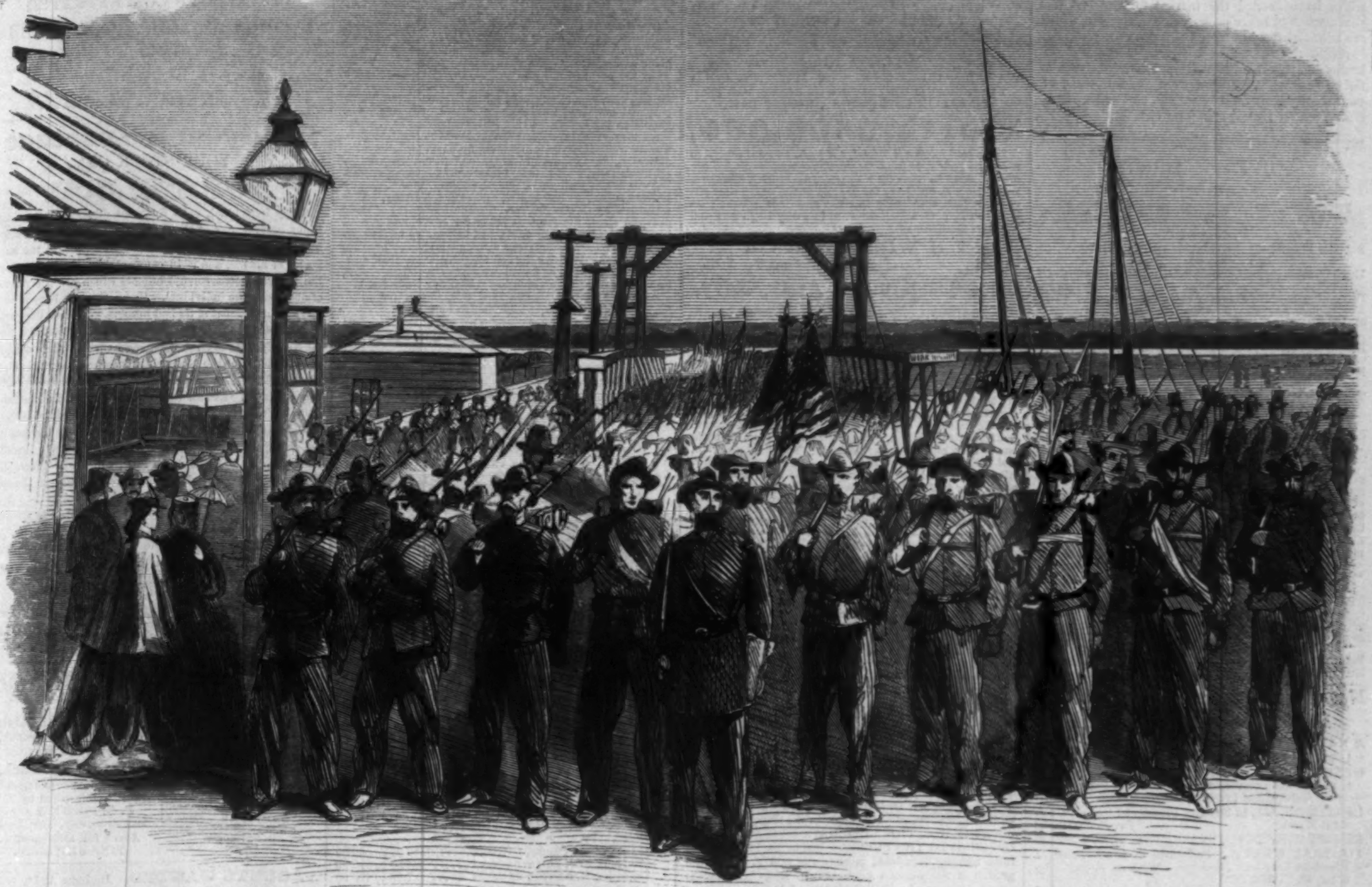
Davis arrived in Hampton Roads May 18, on the steamer *Clyde*, and was thence transferred to a casemate in Fortress Monroe on the 22d. It has been reported that he has been put in irons. If this is true it is doubtless for some adequate reason. The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the report as true, and makes an explanation in this wise. He says that on the 25th Davis complained of being sick, and wished to see a physician. He refused to see one from Connecticut, but was more lenient toward one from New Jersey. The doctor found Davis all right. The correspondent continues:

> "The real reason of Davis's desire for a physician became apparent when his noontide meal was served to him. The murderer of our prisoners is fed on the regular army rations, precisely of the same quantity and quality as is served out to our soldiers in garrison. Jeff has not been partaking of this food with any apparent relish. At noon, yesterday, he threw his soup, bread, and meat from him, exclaiming, in a loud and angry voice, 'that he was not accustomed to such living, and would not put up with it.'
>
> "The officer and his guards on duty within the cell looked on in quiet surprise. Davis became yet more irate, and strode up and down his cell, exclaiming that he was 'to be murdered.'
>
> "At one time he endeavored to deprive one of the guards of his gun. Failing in this, he tore open his vest and shirt, bared his breast, and asked to be shot. This melodramatic request was not complied with. On the contrary, the officer of the day and General Miles were apprised of the violent conduct of the prisoner, and irons were ordered to be placed upon his ankles. It will be seen by this that the ironing was perfectly justifiable in every point of view.
>
> "When the officers were about to place the gyves upon him he became more violent than before, and resisted with all his power the adjustment of the manacles. He was gently but firmly held, and the shackles fastened. He violently berated the officer while performing this unpleasant duty. He was allowed to scold on uninterruptedly.
>
> "Since his incarceration he has conducted himself in a haughty and supercilious manner, till on this day, when he became outrageously violent."

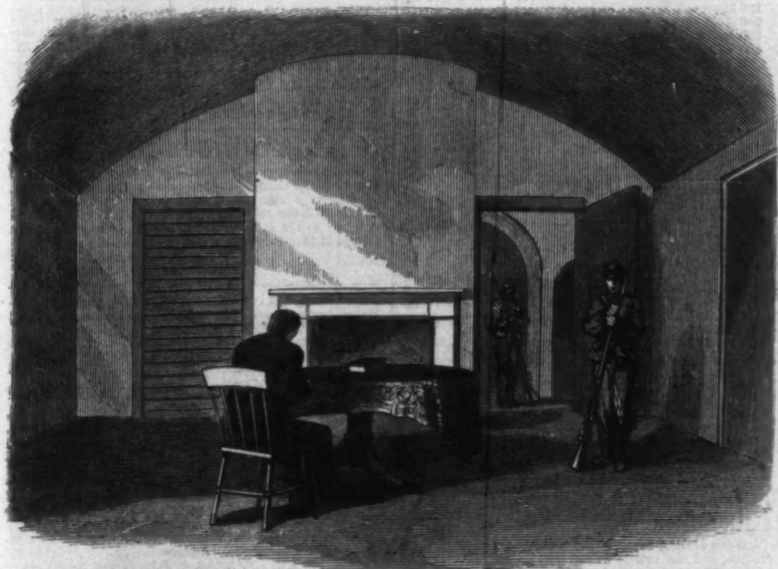
So far as possible the Government will of course hesitate to compromise its own dignity by treating with any unnecessary indignity any of its state prisoners.



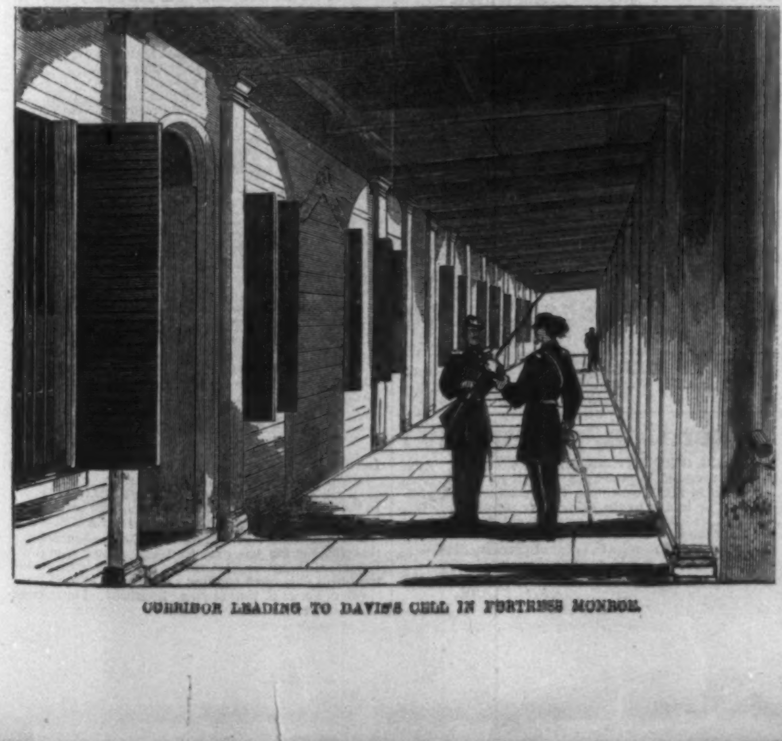
GRAND REVIEW OF THE NATIONAL ARMIES AT WASHINGTON—GENERAL SHERMAN'S VETERANS MARCHING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. MAY 24, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—SHERMAN'S VETERANS CROSSING LONG BRIDGE, MAY 24, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



DAVIS'S CELL AT FORTRESS MONROE.

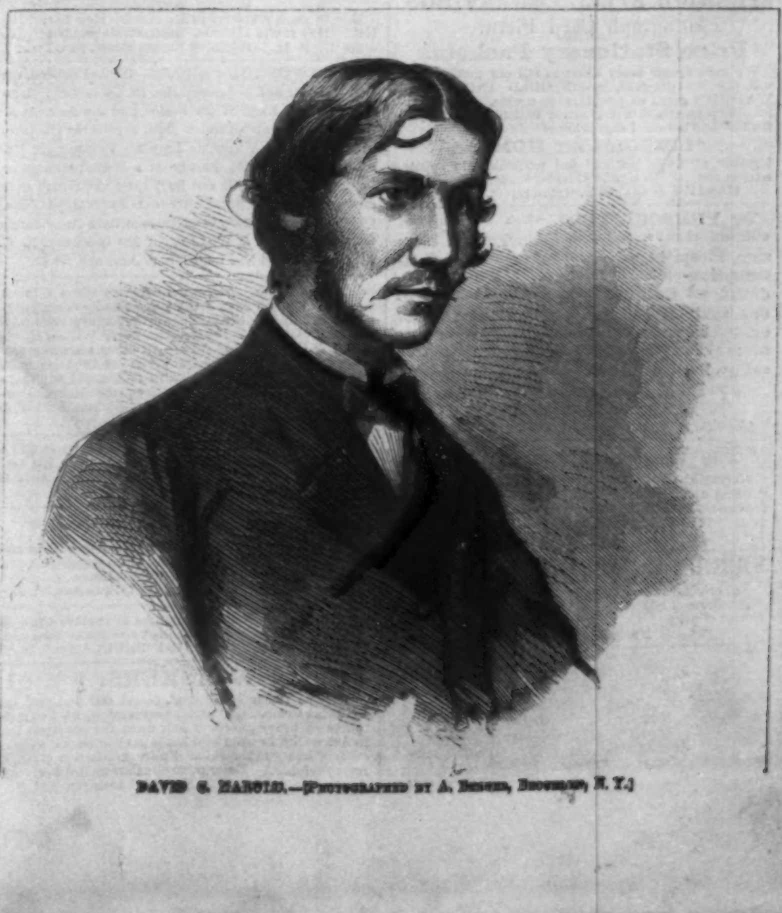


CORRIDOR LEADING TO DAVIS'S CELL IN FORTRESS MONROE.

DAVID C. HAROLD.

DAVID C. HAROLD, now on trial before the military court-martial at Washington as the accomplice of BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN, was born in Maryland about 1842. He received his education at Charlotte Hall, in St. Mary's County. His father was a respectable citizen, residing for many years in Washington, and holding the position of principal clerk in the Naval Store. Young HAROLD was on the most intimate terms with BOOTH for several months previous to the assassination. His knowledge of the topography of the lower portion of Maryland made him an excellent guide for BOOTH. He was an indolent, dissipated fellow—just such a tool as the Confederates would have chosen for secret service or BOOTH for an instrument. He lacks the hardened nature which would be developed by a more active criminal career, frequently gives way to weeping, and is a coward in the face of danger or possible death. Much of this, however, is to be laid to his extreme youth, he being now not more than twenty-three years of age.

The evidence against HAROLD is no doubt conclusive. He had a perfect acquaintance with BOOTH'S designs, and did not hesitate to admit to rebel soldiers whom he encountered in making his escape that he and BOOTH had killed President LINCOLN. His name must be added to the infamous list containing the names of BEALL and KENNEDY, and at the head of whom it was BOOTH'S ambition that his name might be recorded. The precise part which HAROLD played in the assassination, or the nature of the relationship existing between him and BOOTH, is still left much in the dark. BOOTH, just before his death, protested strongly to HAROLD'S perfect innocence of the crime, though he appeared to be disgusted with his comrade's cowardice.



DAVID C. HAROLD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. BERGER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.]

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5,000 Plain Gold and Chased Rings	1 50 to 7 00
5,000 Stone Set and Seal Rings	2 50 to 10 00
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5,000 Sets Ladies' Brooch and Ear Drops	6 00 to 12 00
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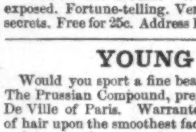

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1000	“ Ice Pitchers	20	“	50
2500	“ Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	“	50
5000	“ Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	“	50
3000	“ Castors	15	“	50
2000	“ Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	“	50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	“	20
10,000	“ “ Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	“	40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	“	150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35	“	70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	“	70
200	Diamond Rings	50	“	100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	“	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	“	8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	“	10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	“	20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	“	10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4	“	8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	“	8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4	“	6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	“	10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	“	8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	“	10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	“	8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	“	6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50	“	10
4,000	“ “ Magic Spring	10	“	20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	“	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4	“	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	[illegible]	“	11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	“	10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2	“	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5	“	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4	“	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4	“	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	“	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	“	25
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5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	“	10

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Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

PRINTERS' AND BINDERS' WAREHOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture TYPE-REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines.

Bed and Platen Power Presses,
FOR
Book, Job, and Card Printing.

STEAM ENGINES, HYDRAULIC PRESSES with wrought-iron cylinders, Standing Presses of various kinds, Chases, Furniture, Cases, Stands, Brass Rule, Composing Sticks, and every article connected with the arts of Letterpress, Copperplate and Lithographic Printing, Bookbinding, Stereotyping, and Electrotyping, always on hand, or furnished at short notice.

They would also call attention of Publishers of Newspapers to their New

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS,
AND THEIR
SINGLE LARGE CYLINDER
Hand Printing Machine,

Either of which is especially designed to supply Newspapers of moderate circulation with a cheap, plain, and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary Job work of an out of town office. They are designed to run exclusively by hand, at a speed of 700 or 800 per hour, and at this rate will run without jar or noise.

A new CATALOGUE, containing cuts and descriptions of many new Machines not before shown in their book, with directions for putting up, working, &c., and other useful information, is now in press, and when completed will be sent to any of the craft who will furnish their address.

R. HOE & CO.,
New York and Boston, Mass.

Publishers of Newspapers are at liberty to insert this advertisement, displayed as above, three times in their *weekly paper, with this note*, at any time during the next six months, but not later, provided they purchase type or material of our manufacture for *four times the amount of their bill*, which will be allowed in settlement of ours, on receipt of a copy of their paper containing the advertisement.

May 10th, 1865.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in no case can they get *less* than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
P.O., Drawer 12.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, No. 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of only *one preparation*. Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Informartion never before published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for Ten Cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 26 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., Six Cents.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1865.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates: one quarter of a page, each Number, $75; one half, $125; whole page, $250. The circulation of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year 4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUME OF HARPER'S WEEKLY for the Year 1864, with over 1000 Illustrations. 852 pages, 4to, substantially bound in Cloth. Price $7 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar* per line for inside, and *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

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